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Herding Ships by Wireless

By Robson Black

Illustrated from Photographs

WITHIN a few months the Canadian Government will have fenced their inland lakes with the invisible strands of wireless telegraphy. The coasts of British Columbia, tricky as the ledges of the Labrador, already are sentineled with the wood and steel shafts of Marconi machines, representing the very latest thing in totem poles. From Sable Island, that tombstone of the sand banks, north to Anticosti, backwards into the Gulf or following the currents through the iceberg promenades of Belle Isle, no ship can shout for help by day or night without at least three wireless men on Canadian soil giving her a cheery answer and drawing her from the ghastly list of the "missing."

Canada is a "live wire" in radio-telegraphy—has been, in fact, from the day in 1902 when Marconi asked the Government for assistance in getting Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, to chat amiably with Poldhu, England. The Government gave him $80,000. Those were the times, just eleven years ago, too, when Marconi's name was poor backing for a bank draft—and the anvil brigade of "illustrious scientists" was rehearsing nightly in the village hall.

To England belongs the honor of giving Marconi his first encouragement, his first important recognition and financial support, and of having the first wireless message sent between two points on Salisbury Plain, a distance of four miles. It was in England that Marconi took out his first patent, was given his first academic recognition, made his first cross-sea tests on the Bristol Channel and raised his first finances to put the invention to the widest possible uses. Italy, Marconi's birthplace, was enthusiastic and considerate, but it remained for Britishers to nourish the precious germ of discovery, and for Canadians to aid him at the genesis of trans-oceanic trials from Glace Bay. The relations between Signor Marconi and this country have been remarkably cordial and with mutual benefits of an important character. There are now twenty-two stations equipped and operated by the Marconi Company of Canada and nine public-owned stations on the Pacific coast, all under supervision of the Canadian Department of Naval Service. Three other high-powered private plants are operated by Canadian Explosives, Limited, between their works on Bowen Island in the Straits of Georgia and the mainland; another by Mr. John C. Eaton, the Toronto and Winnipeg merchant, between his yacht, store and residence.

The wireless station being constructed by the Canadian Government at Kingston consists of an operating house, a double dwelling (requiring over 400,000 feet of lumber), and two immense masts 185 feet high, the material used being Douglas fir. When this Government wireless system is completed there will be a chain of stations 200 miles apart from Belle Island on the Newfoundland coast, and including Father Point, Gross Isle, Quebec, Three Rivers, Montreal, Kingston, Port Burwell, Midland, Tobermory, Sault Ste. Marie, to Port Arthur, at the west of Lake Superior. The Canadian Government also has about eight wireless stations on the Pacific coast.

A government system of wireless from the Pas to Port Nelson is now in operation. A plant has been erected for the purpose of keeping the department of railways and canals in touch with what is going on at Port Nelson, to which place there is no telegraphic communication of any kind. The wireless system has a radius of 1,000 miles. All messages from Port Nelson will be relayed to the Pas over the government wireless and from there to the east by the ordinary commercial systems. This wireless station will have the most powerful sending apparatus in the Dominion as well as very tall masts, of which there are two. The "crow's nest" of the sending mast is at a height of 250 feet from the ground, while the ball of the truck is

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285 feet from the base of the mast. Operator E. Richards, on November 25th, reported a first trial of receiving instruments at the wireless station. Signals were obtained from Sayville, N. Y., Arlington, near Washington, Cape Cod, Mass., and Glace Bay, N. S.

Accurate time can be obtained any night at nine o'clock from Arlington, which station obtains it from the United States government observatory at Darlington. Also the Atlantic coast weather forecasts from the Meteorological department via Arlington. All stations on the lake shores can be heard and most of the boats on the lakes. Signals have also been heard from stations on the United States Pacific coast so that this station can hear what is going on from both sides of the continent.

This wireless system is distinct from the Imperial British Government round-the-globe chain, the contract for construction of which has just been let to the Marconi Company, with Canadian high-power stations at Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, Winnipeg, and Vancouver. The United States Government has a powerful station at Arlington, Va., which at times can communicate with the Pacific coast and the Navy Department contemplates erecting a second wireless station at North Chicago, Ill.

WIRELESS STATIONS ALONG OUR COASTS

At the top is shown Cape Race station, where the first news of the Titanic disaster was picked up; to the right is Point Rich station, which gives and receives the last messages to steamers passing through Belle Isle; and at the bottom is Tobermory Station, on Georgian Bay.

Wireless is master of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the dreaded Straits of Belle Isle. Two stations on the north shore of Newfoundland bridge the wildest gales to meet three of their brethren on the lower edge of Labrador, Chateau Bay, Point Amour and Whittle Rocks. Lining the narrower funnel of the great river are the stations at Clarke City, Grosse Isle, Cape Bear on Prince Edward, Heath Point on Anticosti, Fame Point, Quebec City, and half a dozen others as good measure for Nova Scotia. On the Pacific Coast of Canada nine posts between Victoria and Prince Rupert are owned and operated by the Department of Naval Service, which also undertakes to train recruits for telegraphic employment.

Less than a year ago, the Minister of Marine and Fisheries announced a piece of advanced legislation compelling practically all large steamers on the Great Lakes, which utilize Canadian ports, to install wireless and engage competent telegraphers. This step necessitated a complementary establishment of wireless land stations. Port Arthur's wireless depot was taken over from the Marconi Company and tuned up with new stations at Sault Ste. Marie, Tobermory on Georgian Bay, and Midland, each possessing a lung power to be heard 350 miles, the cost of construction averaging $15,000 apiece. Last November the wireless station on the shores of Lake Huron, above Point Edward, picked up signals from the wireless station at Darwin, near Palterator, South Australia. It was calling the wireless station at Sydney. The signals received here were quite clear and audible, although the distance they were transmitted was half way round the world. This is said to be a record distance in wireless telegraphy.

Wireless is one of those humane necessities which a careful government must lay chiefly to the debits. Except possibly at Glace Bay where the trans-atlantic messages are delivered three thousand miles to Poldhu, England, there is no station receiving enough revenue from commercial patronage to pay fifty per cent. of the cost of upkeep. Perhaps this is a temporary condition, but the annual bill for Canada's wireless system, lop-sided from the auditor's viewpoint, is quite inconsiderable when measured to the stupendous returns in service.

The SS. Prinz Oscar, a vessel of 7,000 tons with a large and valuable cargo, sailed from Montreal on Saturday, June 18, 1910, bound for Rotterdam, Bremen and Hamburg. On the following Monday, towards evening, she went ashore to the southwest of Flower ledges, Newfoundland, near the western entrance to the Straits of Belle Isle. The captain immediately authorized the wireless C. Q. D. call which was answered by the Belle Isle station and the SS. Sicilian. The Belle Isle station, in turn, told the SS. Prinz Adalbert, 140 miles away, of the accident to her sister ship and the captain of the Prinz Oscar, whose wireless range was limited, was informed that Belle Isle had been speaking with the Adalbert. Three hours later the Corinthian, passing perhaps two hundred miles off, talked with Belle Isle and then questioned the Oscar as to the need of assistance. The latter replied that she was safe for a time at least and preferred to depend on the Adalbert, knowing, of course, that a rescue by a rival ship at sea involves the payment of large sums in salvage. During that night the stranded ship was in continuous communication with three wireless offices, also with the Sicilian and the Montcalm, while conversation was exchanged at intervals between the captains of the companion vessels.

In the meantime, the news of the accident had been sent by wireless and cable to Germany, the owners replying

with an order for the wrecking steamer Strathcona in Quebec harbor to proceed to her assistance. The people along the Newfoundland shores had also heard of the affair and the steamer Diana steamed up from Blanc Sablon, anchoring near the Prinz Oscar on the afternoon of June twenty-first. A day later the Adalbert succeeded in floating the Oscar and towed her safely into Quebec harbor. The reader will have noted that the Oscar's captain was in immediate touch with sources of help from the moment his ship struck, that he was brought into communication with a ship of the same line and tens of thousands of dollars in salvage saved to his proprietors, and that at no moment were there less than three ships ready at a signal to steam to his assistance. Had the Oscar remained on the ledge another twenty-four hours she would have been a total wreck, involving the loss of easily half a million dollars. As the stations along Belle Isle cost approximately $3,500 a year for upkeep, it is a fair statement that the saving of one ship pays for the entire wireless service of Canada for three or four years.

Lighthouses and life-saving corps the world over, produce no revenue. The vast expense of maintenance is cheerfully borne by the world's maritime nations and no tolls asked of strange sail or friendly. When the wireless became recognized as a permanent auxiliary of the beacon and fog-horn in the protection of life and property at sea, the same unhesitating co-operation brought into existence a new map of the world, the wireless map. To-day, the Marconi Company, and it is only the largest of several, has more than fifty land stations, eleven towering along the shores of the Mediterranean through Cape Sperone and Venice, round the Peninsula to the British Isles, thence sweeping across the Atlantic to Cape Cod and Siasconset and Panama. Every ship in the British navy, super-dreadnought or destroyer, carries wireless sets and operators, and all important naval powers regard it as one of the first essentials in manoeuvering. Wireless accompanies every British regiment on the march; an entire outfit, masts, dynamo, etc., can now be condensed into the back seat of an automobile, or upon the back of the patient donkey. The French army recently practised with a motor car that shoots a folding mast sixty feet high, with copper wires ready attached for despatching messages two hundred miles away. Quite a common device for generating power on military marches is a bicycle frame with the sprocket geared to a dynamo. The Canadian Minister of Militia is a zealous student of wireless as it pertains to military effectiveness and practically all the annual military camps utilize it to a modest degree. On the Atlantic and Pacific oceans and the many other seas of the universe, the radio-telegraph has fixed itself to passenger and freight steamers by compulsion of statute and consent until few ships would hazard hull or cargo or human life to the old-fashioned isolation of the deep. Even the tramp steamers are equipping themselves with wireless, for commanders have been made aware that the modern unionized crew signs the papers of a wireless steamer where the non-wireless may have to bribe with higher wages.

By the unpitying necessities of his position the wireless operator on land is plagued with monotony. When a young man signs the articles of apprenticeship in a wireless company he is reasonably certain that the first five or ten years of his appointment will be restricted to bleak stretches of sea coast where storms and desolation demand from men a bona fide sense of duty and a golden stock of patience. He will come to know that while human affections sometimes get strained by distance, the heart of the wireless recognizes no mileage and comprehends the pond from Panama to Dublin with a splendid condescension. He will know, some day, that to be assigned to Cape Race on the southern tooth-edged perimeter of Newfoundland condemns him to a hamlet of less than fifty people, to be drenched in fog most hours of the day, blown off his feet by vicious gales, and deafened by the roar of hungry seas. He will taste none of the sweets of social life, see no surprises from Christmas to Christmas, meet few new faces. And all for a salary that would drive a good plumber to sell his other motor car.

If Fate harbors against him some quite abnormal disrespect, it may station the recruit in the Magdalen Islands, that quaint contented, stolid community where the land tillers still pay twenty-five cents an acre to an absentee landlord whose progenitor received the group as a king's trifle. Or he and his suit-case may be tumbled on to the pier at Point Rich or Point Amour, stuck on the crags of South Labrador where Grenfell wrote the testimonial of "the worst coast in the world." And he is bound to remain there, willy-nilly, looking out over the straits of Belle Isle, knowing that until a steamer drops into harbor in a month or two absolutely no physical connection with the inhabited world exists. Or his luck may bring him to one of the stations well up the Gulf,

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IN THE RECENT BALKAN WAR, DONKEYS WERE USED TO CARRY WIRELESS OUTFITS BY WHICH TROOPS COMMUNICATED WITH HEADQUARTERS

One Face

By Will E. Ingersoll

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant

AUTUMN was in his heart, and an ochre at the window; and the only incongruous thing was the jaunty iron beat of the rail-joints beneath his car, as the train, with a whistling and a croaking that the echoes answered sleepily, descended into the valley. But the whistling ceased, the wheels slowed to a graver turning, the old station moved until it was opposite his window; then (as it seemed) stopped and eyed him.

He took his grip from the seat, reached for his cane, drew himself stiffly to his feet, and edged into the line in the aisle of the car. He was crowded before and crowded behind; jostled and pushed just as he had been all his life, in the cold wide world from which he had now at last come home.

He reached the door, descended the car steps nervously, hustled by a burly fellow at his back; received a few casual glances from strange faces; passed into the waiting-room and checked his valise; then sat down to collect himself. The train, which only paused five minutes, withdrew presently its strange and alien presence; the idlers on the platform dispersed; the room in which he sat emptied. There came silence, and the distant ticking of a clock.

The room had two doors, both open, and a large window. The window, which looked westward, let down to the floor a ladder of light and dust-motes. At the end of it, brightening part of a homely, rusty stove, was a pattern, with a head and shoulders in the centre. The doors added their glow obliquely; and the man, the old man, sat in an estuary of light.

Old scents, by and by, came floating into this room—this room in which he, now unknown, had played forty years ago, known to everybody. There was the smell of kerosene and new boxes from the freight-shed, the odor of chaff from the elevator, the fragrance of sweet-grass from the dooryard. All these helped him to remember, to remember what the obtuse and new folk about him seemed never to have known. Their loitering, as through the panes he saw them pass and repass, seemed to him like the careless wandering of children over old graves.

The assistant in the telegraph office—a young man, a stranger—looked through the wicket at him.

"Was you waitin' to see anybody?"

"I'm waiting to see Henry Oake," said the old man, quietly. He did not know why he had said it. That was his father's name.

"Never heerd tell of 'm," said the young man, turning unconcernedly to his work, "don't think he lives 'round here."

The old man on the bench looked away bitterly. His mind had been busy all day. What with the chaos of his thoughts, the roar of the train, the kaleidoscope of old scenery, he was as one who has just come out of an anæsthetic. His wits were at pause.

But they were stirring, his eyes were clearing; and as there came the chime of a hammer from the forge beyond the track, he lifted up his head; and saw, and realized, and believed, that he was in his home town. The youngsters that had played with him might have grown and gone; a lawn and verandah or two might have changed the aspect of the little wayside town; but was there anything new, anything alien, in the sound of that hammer!

Glowing, he took his cane and stepped out into the day. Black hat, white hair neatly trimmed, white collar, this smart and staid old man drew many looks from women at windows as he passed on his way. But he took note of nothing till he reached the forge.

Ah!—the blacksmith shop, at least, was the same. Rusty ploughshares lying on the banking outside; red paint faded and scaling from warped boards; little window set crookedly, with a litter of old iron bits and bolts and fragments on the sill inside, seen dimly through the frowsy panes.

Clang! clang! cl-lang! Tears came to his eyes, and a lump arose in his throat, as he listened. Clang! clang!—and the turning of soft, hot iron, and the crisp crackle of fire eating at coal dust, and the patter and hiss of sparks falling in the cooling-tub. There was more power, more thrill, in the homely little sounds than in the step and stir of a brigade, with band and banners. He brushed hastily at his eyes with his cuff, and hurried on his way; for folk were beginning to eye his erratic progress down street curiously, and he wanted no direct question or oblique comment to break the spell that wrapped him. It was decades, it seemed ages, since he had had that stir at the heart, that tingling of his nerves, those tears on his lashes, that sob in his throat.

WITH EACH STEP HE FELT THAT HE HAD DROPPED A YEAR, AND AT THE BRIDGE HE THREW AWAY HIS CANE AND WALKED FREE-HANDED

A sixth sense guided him. The village was now well behind, hidden by an arm of an old wood. The way along which his feet moved, stepping surely, was marked by no visible path, not even a weeded trace of a path. The grass sprang up behind his heels, obliterating his foot marks as though they had never been. But he knew, and Memory knew, and the great old tree toward which he was making knew, and the grassy ruin on the bank beyond the creek knew the trend of that path.

Over the edge of the hillock above the creek, down through poplars and past willow-clumps, threading a thicket of wild-cherry trees—right to the hither edge of the stream, whose small and sunny windings he could see, dancing and dimpling in the breeze of evening, he pushed his way breathlessly and ardently.

There had been many a time when he had arrived here, upon this bank, carrying a canvas bag of schoolbooks and a dinner-pail. In those days he had flung the bag with a "flop" well up the knoll on the opposite side and crossed the stream with three splashing leaps and a hurrah. He smiled to picture himself doing that now!

No, he might not cross here, at the old point. This part of the old path he must leave untravelled, turning to the beaten trail and the bridge at his right.

But, the stream crossed, he came resolutely back along the farther bank, to take up again the hidden way, to feel his steps along the old path effaced. There were "wild oats" sticking in the ankles of his socks, there were burrs upon his trouser-legs; but he felt nothing, saw nothing, knew nothing, except that he was a centre and a core of little darting thrills. Eagerness arrested and made irregular his breath; the rush of sensations pained his heart and made him dizzy. But he kept on.

Now it faced him,—that old ruin. There were thistles mantling the decayed boards and red nails of the fragment of doorstep—but he leant, his heart beating fast, thrust aside all with his cane, and found the "J.O." on the middle board; cut there while he had sat outside one afternoon, waiting patiently for someone who had been "kept in after four" for passing him a missive which the teacher had arrested, and which had been forever unread. There were holes in the wall, and the blackboard had been long removed; but he knew where it had been and raked in the litter and found an old brush, from which the ancestors of the mice his movements scared had gnawed the strips of felt.

There were no forms in the room, no desks; but, hunting breathlessly and diligently, he found an end of one outside, leaning against the crumbling back wall. He looked it over, peering, bending, his glasses on his eyes. Ah! —he straightened quickly, half-alarmed at the great leap of his heart. Time had been merciful; the men who had wrecked the old schoolhouse for the sake of its warped lumber had been unwittingly kind. Even the myriad winds that had beaten upon that spot, the lashing rains, had been lenient—for that by which he knew this old desk, that mark the seasons and the elements had spared, was the inked double heart.

It was faint. He had to look close, glasses on and strain his eyes to see it. But it was there!

He lifted up his eyes, and looked around at the red hills, and the long shadows. Every foot of this country he knew; where every house ought to be, he knew. But, at the points where the old thatched roofs had cuddled in their groves, no plumes of smoke now wandered up against the lonely face of the sky. At some of these points, there were grass-mounds; at others, a roofless half-wall and doorway, through which he could see moving the foliage of the grove behind.

He knew well enough there was one house for which he need not look. Just three times, in those precious years he had wasted upon money-gathering, had his armor of selfishness been pierced by the quiverful of arrows with which Love had tried every joint in his harness,—just three times. Once, when his mother died, once again when his father passed away; and lastly, when the farmhouse of his birth and boyhood, which the old couple had sold to a neighbor when they moved into the village, had been burned to the ground. It had come to him then, even in his sordid preoccupation, that he was by this third stroke both parentless and homeless.

Homeless—for he had never married, never found time to go wooing, after "the business" had enmeshed him. Homeless utterly—for the old

JOHN OAKE'S EYES GLOWED FIERCELY, AND HE BRANDISHED HIS CANE IN THE FARMER'S FACE. "DON'T JOKE WITH ME," HE SAID THROUGH HIS TEETH. "DON'T YOU FOOL WITH ME!"

home was gone, the kind father and mother beneath the ground, and no new home made, no children to take the place of the old ties unloosed and drawn away.

It had hit him then, but he had forgotten. It struck him again now, when he was vulnerable, when he had bared his breast, when he had resigned himself utterly to what he deserved. His six figures in the bank tweaked his gray beard, bade him use his faculty for adding and subtracting to find how few years lay between the date of his late awakening and the ultimate three-score and ten.

He leaned upon his cane, and cried.

The sun was touching the edge of the hill where the old house had stood, as he went on miserably up the slope. He did not know why he kept on. He did not know why he wished to torture himself with the aspect of those home knolls at twilight. He could hear cowbells tinkling, dogs barking, boys shouting; he could hear the frogs in the ponds. In the midst of the familiar discord and jargon, the grass rustling under his feet as of old, he could not help but look at himself wonderingly, again and again; he could not help but marvel at the stiffness in his knees, the gray beard brushing his coat, the cane that aided his steps. But the sounds could not thrust away the heaviness at his heart; and by that he knew—by that he knew!

It was a house not wholly strange that faced him, by the end of a grove, as he came near the highest point of the hill. There was a new "lean-to" at either end; but the central part was old and crooked—so old, in fact, and standing so crazily, that it struck him as odd it did not fall.

The house was occupied. There was a young man on the doorstep, with a baby in his arms. There was also a large black dog, which launched itself from the step, and came at him barking. He paid not the slightest attention to the animal. It barked around him noisily, out of range of his cane, and finally approached with caution, sniffed at his heels, and followed growling.

The man on the steps stared at him hard; but he paid as little attention as he had to the dog. There was a question he must ask, and must ask at this house—a question he shrank in every nerve from asking, and to which he did not know whether he could bear the answer. Crossing this landscape of decay and change, of memories and ruins and old sounds, of cold new farm-buildings that faced pertly the same grand old sunset and majestic shadows of evening, he did not know whether, supporting that leaden answer in his heart, he could go back to a forlorn bed and a night of heartache and tossing in the bareness of the little hotel. But neither could he go back with it unanswered!

He approached the door slowly. The man, moving the baby from one knee to the other, spoke sharply to the dog, which slunk away. A woman, with a child clinging to her apron, came into the doorway.

Humbled and broken, he faced the group. He would have given all his thousands for a home circle like this, and would have cheerfully gone to work with his hands to keep them.

"I am John Oake," he said. The name caused no flicker of interest; but he had not expected it would. He moved his cane among the chips, to hide the shaking of his hand and wrist, drew a long breath, and said, steadying his voice manfully, but unable to avoid the break at the end of his sentence:

"Does William Harvey—he used to occupy this house—or anyone related to or connected with him, live in—in this—settlement?"

The man squeezed the baby's fist, and tickled the small chin with his forefinger, before he answered. He wanted the baby to crow, and the stranger to look, and see what a fine son he had. He delayed his answer for this purpose, even at the risk of letting his wife get ahead of him with the information—and the giving of information is one of the chiefest delights of country people. Then he spoke:

"What year was it old Bill Harvey died, Renie?"

"'Twas the winter the big blizzard came," said the woman in the doorway, ponderingly, "that'd be—let me see—that'd be about eight years ago."

"Yes, I know he's b'en dead a long while," remarked the husband, coddling a small set of toes that had worked into view, "zis little pig went t' market, zis little pig stayed home; this little pig got roast beef, this little pig got noan—Did you know Harveys' then, boss?"

"I knew them well," said the old man, hoarsely.

"Well," the farmer stood up on the step, and pointed his long arm westward, "do you see that white house, with the big granary, there? That's Jim Harvey's place. Jim's a son of old Bill. He bought the place over there about two years ago. It's light land, an' I hear Jim's losin' money. Maybe you don't know Jim,—I guess he'd be after your time some?"

"He was a baby in arms when I—when I left here," said John Oake. "Are there any of the rest of the family? but never mind. I think I'll call there. How far is it? About half a mile, it looks to me."

"Just half, from my corner to his'n," said the farmer, "you know this country pretty well, eh?"

"Yes, yes,—I was born here," said John Oake, as he buttoned his coat and turned away. He was anxious to escape from the farmer's garrulity.

"Maybe you knew old Bill's sister, then," the farmer went on, as he sat down again on the step.

The twilight kept him from seeing that, at this sentence, John Oake's face had gone suddenly colorless. Not a gradual paling, but a quick, utter erasure of all color from his cheeks. He dared not wait to hear more.

"Good-night," he managed to ejaculate, as he started down the path.

"I was just a-goin' to tell you," the farmer called after him, "that she's stayin' over to Jim's place."

John Oake halted, turned, and came back. His eyes were glowing strangely and fiercely. He raised his cane, and flourished it in the farmer's face.

"Don't joke with me," he said, through his teeth, "don't you fool with me!"

The farmer looked up at him tolerantly, with something of lazy surprise. "Why," he said, "what's the matter with you! I was just tellin' you, thinkin' you might 'a b'en acquainted with her."

"It's—it's true, then," John Oake stammered, huskily, as he lowered the cane.

"Sure, it's true," replied the farmer, "you knowed her then, eh, boss?"

"Knew her!" exclaimed John Oake, in spite of himself, "knew her! Lord bless my soul, man! Knew Gracie Harvey!"

"I'll give you a lift over," said the farmer, good naturedly, "if you'll set down till I hitch up the bronchos. Here, Renie, take Bobbie."

"No, no, no," said John Oake, hastily, "I—I couldn't think of troubling you. I would rather walk, thank you. Good-night, good-night!"

He hurried off, scuffling down the path, cutting off its loops by thrashing recklessly through the grass damp with the dewfall.

The white house was on the middlemost of the group of hills that overlooked him,—kind, old hills; glad, gray hills, with the evening star above. The damp of the night crept into his joints; but the ache of ecstasy in his heart was lord of all lesser pains, and the beating in his bosom drummed him on. He felt he dropped a year with each step forward. When he reached the bridge, back straight, arms swinging lustily, he threw away his cane. He tilted his hat, as in the bumpkin days, to the back of his head; and his white hair, blown from its neat parting, fell across the old forehead ruddied by his walk.

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THE STABLES AND PADDOCKS AT THE COLONY FARM, SHOWING THE EXCELLENT ARRANGEMENT AND GOOD QUALITY OF THE BUILDINGS. THE INSANE PATIENTS TAKE PRACTICALLY ALL THE CARE OF BOTH BUILDINGS AND STOCK

Friends of the Insane

OF ALL LIVING CREATURES, THE MENTALLY DERANGED ARE THE MOST DESERTED AND ALONE. MAN HAS NEGLECTED THEM AND MEDICAL SCIENCE HAS NEGLECTED THEM. ONLY RECENTLY HAS IT OCCURRED TO THE WORLD TO TREAT THEM AS HUMAN BEINGS. THE RESULTS OF SUCH HUMANITY ARE CHRONICLED HEREIN

By John F. Langan, F.R.G.S.

Illustrated from Photographs

CANADA has approximately eight million people, three-fourths of whom probably have some slight mental twist in one direction or another, many of whom are noticeably erratic, and one five-hundredth of whom are insane enough to be committed to an institution. In other words, sixteen thousand Canadians walk in such darkness of the mind as to be dangerous to the community at large, or a heavy care and expense to the town originating them. The insanities resulting from drink and syphilis, inherited or otherwise, senility and dementia precox, the cause of which is unknown, have bereaved sixteen thousand families of a mother, father or some other member, in a loss infinitely sadder than death.

Translate this loss into terms of your own immediate family. Yonder is your mother, your husband, your eldest son, outwardly the same as a little while ago—the same body, the same beloved face, the same entity—but shut off from you forever in the strange twilight of the soul that forbids all human intercourse as effectively as a stone wall. What goes on in that altered brain, you cannot tell. Perhaps, deep within, the same soul wakes and suffers, unable to get through that intangible dividing wall. Perhaps it has gone abroad, voyaging in the strange land of dreams and leaving the body compassless.

Two hundred years ago, the community cast out the insane member, as one possessed of devils; or tolerated the less violent case as the village simpleton or beggar. The hermit and the wild man resulted, where death did not mercifully put an end to the wretched creatures. The simpleton dragged out his life, the sport of rough youngsters and recipient of a fitful charity, often adding to the world's crop of simpletons a brood of defective children, equally with their parents dependent upon the town. Later, dungeons and fetters were the unhappy fate of the deranged.

Civilization, observing these conditions, and perhaps growing more humane with education, created the asylum system, which was a vast improvement, but liable to abuse. Governed by an autocrat, served by ignorant and brutal attendants, overcrowded, such institutions often became veritable hells. Tuberculosis, erysipelas, pellagra ravaged the inmates of the barred, narrow, airless rooms. Without work to occupy their attention, without medical treatment of their many physical ills, poorly fed, with unlimited leisure to brood or listen to the ravings of more violent cases, mental improvement was impossible, and commitment to an asylum was equivalent to a life sentence worse than that accorded to the worst criminal. Such conditions unfortunately are still existent.

Usually it is impossible to retain the insane member of a family in the home. Skilled care is necessary. The other members of the circle, and the community at large, must be considered. What, then, are you to do with the imprisoned spirit that may, perhaps, be keenly alive to its surroundings? Cast out your mother, your husband, your laddie for whom you hoped such great things, to suffer in such a place as that; perhaps to be beaten, to choke unaided in the agonies of tuberculosis as you lie comfortably at home in your easy bed? And yet, what else can be done? Till recently, there was no answer.

Our automobile had sped out of Vancouver, turned up the beautiful valley of the Fraser river, and surged through virgin forest over a faultless road. Suddenly as the scene shifts on a stereopticon curtain, the trees ceased, and we rolled out into a thousand acre clearing, overlooking the great sweep of the valley from the shoulder of a gently sloping hill. It was the site of the Public Hospital for the Insane at Coquitlam, one of the most advanced and most successful of all the modern hospitals for the insane—the asylums that are the answer to every

pain-racked family who must see a beloved member go out of the home to the care of strangers, perhaps never to return.

The man whose genius and executive capacity is responsible for this hospital is Dr. Charles E. Doherty, M.D., C.M., and his name is one to conjure with in the coast province. Essentially a modern type, he has little of the "professional manner" about him, and less of the weighty erudition so admired in the elder day. Virile, brief, business-like, a dynamic personality keen to plan, swift to accomplish—such is one's first impression of the man. Executive he must be. No mere scholar could have created out of the British Columbia forest in three short years such an institution as his. Human he must be, too. No mere cold executive could have thought out the sympathetic, understanding atmosphere with which he has surrounded the unfortunate inmates. Scientific he must be, for he has carried out with exactitude a careful physical regimen combined with a shrewdly psychologic treatment. Curing a sick soul is no matter for castor oil alone.

With him has worked Dr. Henry Esson Young, minister of education and provincial secretary, and to him, as well as to the far-sighted government of the province is due great credit for affording Dr. Doherty the means to carry out his ideas on a scale seldom attempted by any community, no matter how wealthy. Only one building has been erected as yet. It cost something over $600,000. But when the asylum is completed—within the next two years—it will have cost nearly two million dollars. Another building exactly like the one at present erected will be constructed. Between the two will stand an administration building. At the rear will be a thoroughly modern laundry plant, and separate buildings further away to left and right will house the hopeless cases. Politics have never entered in any shape or form into the management of the hospital.

There was nothing forbidding about the handsome building that faced us. Bright, cheery, homelike, with stately white pillars at the doorway, it welcomed us. Usually on entering an asylum, one is chilled by the prevailing atmosphere of gloom. Dingy carpets, empty corridors, curtainless windows fenced with iron bars, and furniture that is alike shoddy and antiquated depress the lightest-hearted. But here, the reception room was pleasant. Comfortable, well-designed, well-made furniture, a soft-toned rug, charming prints of good paintings, and a jar of fresh flowers on the table made it like an educated family's living-room. Except for the steel lattice work surrounding the balconies, there was no hint outside that the prisoners of the province were confined in this structure; and within there was no apparent confinement at all. Every care is taken to avoid the least semblance of incarceration. Patients are received at the hospital and made to feel that they are expected guests,—in short, they are welcomed. And undoubtedly in many cases the unfortunate arrival must feel that he has come to a very palace, so comfortable is the place compared to the average moderately-circumstanced home. There are several of these reception rooms, all calculated to create an initial impression of freedom, comfort, and kindliness invaluable in treating mental cases.

We went further. Save for the very violent cases, the patients are allowed to sleep in dormitories, huge airy rooms containing fifty beds, all spotlessly clean, and furnished with plenty of beautiful linen. A large open fireplace occupies each end. One attendant watches over two of these dormitories at night, and this has always been found sufficient. Alienists speak very highly of this treatment of the patients. They learn habits of orderliness, tidiness, and a certain responsibility towards those who are worse off than themselves. In "solitary" a patient may be ordered nourishment at certain times during the night, and out of sheer contrariness and impatience may refuse it, to annoy the attendant. Or he may kick the covers off as fast as the attendant puts them back; or talk constantly. When the patients occupy a dormitory together, any refused nourishment is quietly put on a stand beside the patient's bed, and left. Presently, the sufferer will reach out, thinking himself unobserved, and get it. Occasionally somebody else will get to it first, which is an excellent object lesson on the value of accepting the nourishment promptly. The less affected cases will often cover up the restless ones, or stop their incessant babble; and, strangely enough, this is not resented by the patients. Judicious letting alone is an excellent receipt for attending insane patients successfully.

These dormitories are for use only at night. During the day, all their doors are locked. The patients are then given the use of the lounging rooms, billiard rooms, or the spacious grounds of the institution. A woman visitor was taken into one of these handsome lounging rooms recently. "What is this ?" she asked, "a club ?"

There are sofas and easy chairs, tables piled with books and magazines, games, in fact everything to make the inmates feel at home, or as she put it, "at the club."

The diningroom is in keeping with the other fittings. The crockery is all monogrammed like the china in a good hotel. Instead of benches, there are chairs. Softly shaded clusters of lights are hung over the tables, and the room has every appearance of cleanliness and good cheer.

It is not singular that the laundry, kitchen, bake-shop, and other attendant industries, are the best of their kind. Other modern institutions of the class of this British Columbia

THE COW-STABLE AT COLONY FARM. EVERYTHING IS SCIENTIFIC, HYGIENIC AND ORDERLY. THE INSANE ARE TAUGHT TO DO A LARGE PART OF CARING FOR THE ANIMALS

INSANE HARVEST HANDS AT WORK THRESHING AT THE COLONY FARM. ALL BUT FOUR OF THE MEN SHOWN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH ARE WARDS OF THE PROVINCE

public hospital can claim everything that exists here, perhaps. But although the details of cleanliness, artistic arrangement, and comfort may seem comparatively ordinary, they are invaluable in dealing with cases of mental derangement.

A little consideration for the wishes of patients, unreasonable though they may seem, is another notable factor in caring for the insane. Shortly before our visit, a woman patient who had refused to eat for some weeks and had been fed after the manner of the hunger strikers, expressed a wish for some sweetbreads. The attendant conveyed her desire to Dr. Doherty, the head of the institution, and he promptly set about fulfilling it. Sweetbreads were not to be found in the Vancouver or New Westminster markets. But the doctor is not the kind that gives up. He sent to Seattle and got some tinned sweetbreads. The patient ate them ravenously, and before the supply was all gone consented to eat any kind of food. Before long an improvement was noticed in her condition, and two months later she was discharged as cured.

Another thing is of extreme value. The patients are placed in classes, or groups. Insane patients carry with them to a large extent, the habits of their sane existence. Those who naturally eat with forks and understand the intricacies of the finger-bowl, when insane, will continue to behave in civilized fashion at table. Those who come from uncultured homes where fingers most certainly were made—and employed—before forks, will learn no better manners in insanity. The tables in the dining-room are allotted in such a way that those patients who have some idea of the niceties of life are kept together, while those who insist on eating with their fingers are segregated. The same group idea is carried out elsewhere in the institution, those patients being put together who would be likely to mingle in happier circumstances. Insanity is in itself affliction enough, without adding to its burdens by herding teachers, truck-drivers, business men and roustabouts together, and treating them indiscriminately the same. The patients are allowed all the freedom their condition will permit, and it proves startling to visiting physicians to see how much freedom they may be allowed without abusing it.

The attendants at the asylum are picked with the greatest care and are paid considerably better wages than attendants in many wealthier institutions. This is done to secure the best possible men for a work that is inherently difficult and to any but a medical student, distasteful, and is a wise precaution. In sharp contrast to this is a case once described to me by the resident physician in one of the big state hospitals for the insane in the United States. It was peculiarly brutal and revolting. "What can we do?" he said. "The pay of the attendants here is so poor that we get nothing but toughs. They are ignorant and brutal, and it often happens that patients are injured or killed outright by the attendants. It is nothing short of murder. But the men claim they are attacked, which may be true, and that in self-defence they fought back. Sometimes two attendants take one patient and beat him so badly that he never recovers. They are afraid of the insane, and strike instinctively."

Another case recently reviewed in the papers of a big middle western city of the United States was the pathetic story of a hopelessly insane patient who had been confined in a strait-jacket for two nights, and on the afternoon of the succeeding day insisted on rising as fast as he was put down on the bed. Two attendants choked and beat him. Not content with this, they took him to the bathroom, where they beat him again, finally returning, dragging the patient by one leg along the floor. He died. It was only through the chance of a new attendant's witnessing the scene and reporting it to the head physician that any notice was ever taken of the matter. It came out that the attendants agreed among themselves that no one should "snitch" to the head physician about any cases of injury or violent death; and that failure to keep silence was met with summary punishment at the hands of the other attendants. It was almost impossible for the head of the institution to find out anything about what went on in the wards behind his back.

Continued on page 285

Cherry Purcelle, Gentleman Adventuress

By Arthur Stringer

Author of "The Firebrand," "The Wire-tappers," etc.

Illustrated by C. D. Williams

I HAD been vaguely conscious, from the first, of that other presence near me. Yet I ignored it irritably as I continued to scan the water-front.

So impatient was my scrutiny of the light-spangled river, so active was my resentment against Benson for not getting the launch up from *The Naulahka*, that I did not turn to look at the stranger until he stood up on the very string-piece where I sat.

Then something about the figure brought a slow perplexity into my mind, as I sat inhaling the warm and musky harbor-odors, under a sky Italian in its serenity and a soft and silvery moon that made the shuttling ferries into shadows scaled with Roman gold. This perplexity grew into bewilderment, for as I studied the lean figure with its loose-fitting paddock-coat flapping in the wharf-end breeze I was reminded of something disturbing, of something awesome. The gaunt form so voluminously draped, the cadaverous face with the startlingly sunken cheeks, the touch of tragedy in the entire attitude, brought sharply and suddenly to my mind the thought of a shrouded and hollow-eyed symbol of Death, needing only the scythe of honored tradition to translate it into the finished picture.

He stood there for some time, without moving, studying the water that ran like seamless black velvet under the wharf-end. Then he slowly took off his coat, folded it and placed it on the string-piece, and on top of this again placed his hat. Then he laughed audibly, and I looked away, dreading that some spoken triviality might spoil a picture so appealingly mysterious. When I next peered up at him he seemed engaged in the absurd occupation of slowly turning inside out the quite empty pockets of his clothing. Then he once more looked down at the black water.

Those oily, velvet eddies, apparently, were too much for him. I saw him cover his face with his hands and sway back with a tragically helpless mutter of "I can't do it!"

A thousand tendrils of curiosity overran my disintegrating resentment at not getting aboard the yacht that night. I continued my covert watch of the incredibly thin man who was-

"I CAN JUST CATCH THE KAISER WILHELM," SAID SHE. "THEY'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE NOW"

still peering down at the slip-water. I was startled, a minute or two later, to hear him emit a throat-chuckle that was as defiant as it was disagreeable. Then with an oddly nervous gesture of repudiation he caught up his hat and coat, turned on his heel, and passed like a sleep-walker down the quietness of the deserted wharf.

I turned and followed him. The tragedy recorded on that pallid face was above all pretense. He could never be taken for a "dummy-chucker," the thing was genuine. Any man who could squeeze life so dry that he thought of tossing it away like an orange-skin was worth following. He seemed a contradiction to everything in the city that surrounded us, in that mad city where every mortal appeared so intent on living, where the forlornest wrecks clung so feverishly to life, and where life itself, on that murmurous and moonlit summer night, seemed so full of whispered promises.

I followed him back to the city, speculating, as idle minds will, on who and what he was and by what mischance he had been cast into this lowest pit of indifferency. More things than his mere apparel assured me he was not a "crust-thrower." I kept close at his heels until we came to a lighted street, startling myself with the sudden wonder if he, too, were a victim of those relentless hounds of wakefulness that turn night into a never-ending inquisition. Then all speculation suddenly ended, for I saw that he had come to a stop and was gazing perplexedly up and down the light-strewn channel. I noticed his eye waver on a passing figure or two, whom he seemed about to accost. Then, as though from that passing throng he beheld something kindred and common in my face, he touched me lightly on the arm.

I came to a stop, looking him full in the face. There seemed almost a touch of the supernatural in that encounter, as though two wondering ghosts stood gazing at each other on the loneliest edges of a No-man's Land.

He did not speak, as I was afraid he might, and send a mallet of banality crashing down on that crystal of wonderment. He merely waved one thin hand towards the facade of a mirrored and pillared caravansary wherein, I knew, it was the wont of the homeless city-dweller to purchase a three-hour lease on three feet of damask and thereby dream he was probing the innermost depth of life. His gesture, I saw, was both an invitation and a challenge.

And both the invitation and the challenge I accepted, in silence, yet by a gesture which could not be mistaken. It was in silence, too, that I followed him in through the wide doorway and seated myself opposite him at one of the rose-shaded parallelograms of white linen that lay about us in lines as thick and straight as tombstones in an abbey-floor.

I did not look at him, for a moment or two, dreading as I did the approaching return to actuality. I let my gaze wander about the riotous-colored room into which the flood-tide of the after-theatre crowds was now eddying. It held nothing either new or appealing to me. It was not the first time I had witnessed the stars of stage-land sitting in perigean torpor through their seven-coursed suppers, just as it was not the first time I had meekly endured the assaulting vulgarities of onyx pillars and pornographic art for the sake of what I had found to be the most matchless cooking in the world.

It seemed an equally old story to my new friend across the table, for as I turned away from the surrounding flurry of bare shoulders, as white and soft as a flurry of gull-wings, I saw that he had already ordered a meal that was as mysteriously sumptuous as it was startlingly expensive. He, too, was

apparently no stranger to Lobster Square.

I still saw no necessity for breaking the silence, although he had begun to drink his wine with a febrile recklessness rather amazing to me. Yet I felt that with each breath of time the bubble of mystery was growing bigger and bigger. The whole thing was something more than the dare-devil adventure of a man at the end of his tether. It was more than the extravagance of sheer hopelessness. It was something which made me turn for the second time and study his face.

It was a remarkable enough face, remarkable for its thinness, for its none too appealing pallor, and for a certain tragic furtiveness which showed its owner to be not altogether at peace with his own soul. About his figure I had already detected a certain note of distinction, of nervous briskness, which at once lifted him above the plane of the anaemic street-adventurer. There was something almost Heraclitean in the thin-lipped and satyric mouth. The skin on the sunken cheeks seemed as tight as the vellum across a snare-drum. From the corner of his eyes, which were shadowed by a smooth and pallid frontal-bone, radiated a network of minutely small wrinkles. His hands, I could see, were almost femininely white, as womanish in their fragility as they were disquieting in their never-ending restless movements. In actual years, I concluded, he might have been anywhere between twenty-five and thirty-five. He was at least younger than I had first thought him. Then I looked once more about the crowded room, for I had no wish to make my inspection seem inquisitorial. He, too, let his eyes follow mine in their orbit of exploration. Then, for the first time, he spoke.

"They'll suffer for this some day!" he suddenly declared with the vehemence of a Socialist confronted by the voluptuousness of a second Gomorrah. "They'll suffer for it!"

"For what particular reason?" I inquired, following his gaze about that quite incomprehensive roomful of decorous revelers.

"Because one half of them," he avowed, "are hapless, and the other half are thieves."

"Are you a New Yorker?" I mildly asked him. I had been wondering if, under the circumstances, even a voluminous paddock coat would be reckoned as adequate payment for a repast so princely. The man had already proved to me that his pockets were empty.

"No, I am not," he retorted. "I'm from God's country."

I at once felt this irreproachable yet vaguely denominated territory to be so much in doubt that I had to ask for the second time the place of his origin.

"I come from British Columbia," he answered, "and if I had stayed there I wouldn't be where I am to-night."

As this was an axiom which seemed to transcend criticism I merely turned back to him and asked: "And where are you to-night?"

He lifted his glass and emptied it. Then he leaned forward across the table, staring me in the eyes as he spoke. As he sat looking at me, with a shadow of disappointment on his lean face, I again asked him to particularize his present whereabouts.

"I'm on the last inch of the last rope-end," was his answer.

"It seems to have its ameliorating conditions," I remarked, glancing about the table.

He emitted a sharp cackle of a laugh. "You'll have to leave me before I order the liqueur. This," with a hand-sweep about the cluster of dishes, "is some music I'll have to face alone. But what's that, when you're on the last inch of the last rope-end?"

"Your position," I ventured, "sounds almost like a desperate one."

"Desperate!" he echoed. "It's more than that. It's hopeless!"

"You have doubtless been visiting Wall Street or possibly buying mining-stock?" was my flippant suggestion. His manner of speech, I was beginning to feel, was not markedly Canadian.

"No," he cried with quick solemnity. "I've been *selling* it."

"But such activities, I assumed, were far removed from the avenue of remorse."

He stared at me, absently, for a moment or two. Then he moved restlessly in his chair.

"Did you ever hear of a wire-tapper?" he demanded.

"Quite often," I answered.

"Did you ever fall for one of their yarns? Did you ever walk into one of their nice, gold-plated traps and have them shake you down for everything you owned—and for things you didn't even own?"

Here was a misfortune, I had to confess, which had not yet knocked at my door.

"I came up to this town with thirty thousand dollars, and not quite a third of it my own. Twenty of it was for a marble quarry we were going to open up. They sent me here to put through the deal. It was new to me, all right. I wasn't used to a town where they have to chain the door-mats down and you daren't speak to your neighbor without a police permit. And when a prosperous-looking traveler at my hotel got talking about horse-racing and the string that Keene sent out last winter, he struck something that was pretty close to me, for that's what we go in for out home—horse-breeding and stock-farming. Then he told me how the assistant superintendent of the Western Union, the man who managed their racing department, was an old friend of his. He also allowed this friend of his was ready to 'phone him some early track-returns, for what he called a big rake-off. He even took me down to the Western Union Building and introduced me to a man he called the assistant superintendent. We met him in one of the halls—he was in his shirt-sleeves, and looked like a pretty busy man. He was to hold back the returns until our bets could be laid. He explained that he himself couldn't figure in the thing, but that his sister-in-law would handle the returns over her own wire."

"That sounds very familiar," I sadly commented.

"He seemed to lose interest when he found I had only a few thousand dollars of my own. He said the killing would be a quarter of a million, and the risk for holding up the company's despatches would be too great for him to bother with small bets. But he said he'd try out the plan that afternoon. So my traveler friend took me up to a pool-room, with racing-sheets and blackboards and half a dozen telegraph-keys and twice as many telephones. It looked like the real thing to me. When the returns started to come in and we got our private tip from the Western Union office, I tried fifty dollars on a three to one shot."

"And of course you won," was my sympathetic rejoinder, as I sat listening to the old, sad tale. "You always do."

"Then I met the woman I spoke about, the woman who called herself the sister-in-law of the racing-wire manager."

"And what was she like?" I inquired.

"She looked a good deal like any of these women around here," he said with an eye-sweep over the flurry of gull-wing backs and the garden of finery that surrounded us. "She looked good enough to get my thirty thousand and put me down and out."

He laughed his mirthless and mummy-like laugh. "You see, I had sense enough to get cold feet, overnight. But when I talked it over with her next day, and I saw her calling up a few of her Wall Street friends, I kind of forgot my scruples. She got me thinking crooked again. And that's all. That's where the story ends."

His docility, as I sat thinking of that odious and flamboyant type of she-harpy, began to irritate me.

"But why should it end here?" I demanded.

"Because I put twenty thousand dollars of other people's money into a phony game and lost it."

"Well, what of it?"

"Do you suppose I could go home with that hanging over me?"

"Supposing you can't. Is that any reason why you should lie down at this stage of the game?"

"But I've lost," he averred. "Everything's gone!"

"'All is not lost,'" I quoted, "'till honor's self is gone!'"

"But even *that's* gone," was his listless retort. He looked up, almost angrily, at my movement of impatience. "Well, what would *you* do about it?" he challenged.

"I'd get that money back or I'd get that gang behind bars," was the answer I flung out at him. "I'd fight them to a finish."

"But there's nothing to fight. There's nobody to get hold of. That Western Union man was only a capper, a come-on. Their poolroom's one of the dirigible kind that move on when the police appear. Then they'd claim I was as bad as they were, trying to trick an honest bookmaker out of his money. And besides, there's nothing left to show I even handed them over anything."

"Then I'd keep at it until I found something," I declared. "How about the woman?"

"She'd be too clever to get caught. And I don't suppose she'd know me from a piece of cheese."

"Do you suppose you could in any way get me in touch with her?" I asked.

"But she's got police protection. I tried to have her arrested myself. The officer told me to be on my way, or he'd run me in."

"Then you know where she lives?" I quickly inquired.

He hesitated for a moment, as though my question had caught him unawares. Then he mentioned one of the smaller apartment hotels.

"And what's her name?"

Again he hesitated before answering. "Oh, she's got a dozen, I suppose. The only one I know is Purcelle. That's the name she answers to up there. But look here—you're not going to try to see her, are you?"

"That I can't tell until to-morrow."

"I don't think there'll be any to-morrow, for me," he rejoined, as his earlier listless look returned to his face. He even peered up a little startled, as I rose to my feet.

"That's nonsense," was my answer. "We're going to meet here to-morrow night to talk things over."

"But why?" he protested.

"Because it strikes me you've got a duty to perform, a very serious duty. And if I can be of any service to you it will be a very great pleasure to me. And in the meantime, I might add that I am paying for this little supper."

There is no activity more explosive than that of the chronic idler. Once out on the street, accordingly, I did not let the grass grow under my feet. Two minutes at the telephone and ten more in a taxicab brought me in touch with my old friend Doyle who was "working" a mulatto shooting case as quietly as a gardener working his cabbage-patch.

"What do you know about a woman named Purcelle?" I demanded.

He studied the pavement. Then he shook his head. The name clearly meant nothing to him.

"Give me something more to work on."

"She's a young woman who lives by her wits. She keeps up a very good front, and now and then does a variety of the wire-tapping game."

"I wonder if that wouldn't be the Casell woman Andrus used as a come-on for his Mexican mine game? But *she* claimed Andrus had fooled her."

"And what else?" I inquired.

Doyle stood wrapt in thought for a moment or two.

"Oh, that's about all. I've heard she's an uncommonly clever woman, the cleverest woman in the world. But what are you after?"

"I want her record—all of it."

"That sort of woman never has a record. That's what cleverness is, my boy, maintaining your reputation at the expense of your character."

"You've given birth to an epigram," I complained, "but you haven't helped me out of my dilemma." Whereupon he asked me for a card.

"I'm going to give you a line to Sherman—Camera Eye Sherman, we used to call him down at Headquarters. He's with the Banker's Association now, but he was with our Identification Bureau so long he knows 'em all like his own family."

And on the bottom of my card I saw Doyle write: "Please tell him what you can of Cherry Purcelle."

"Of course I couldn't see him to-night?"

Doyle looked at his watch.

"Yes, you can. You'll get him up at his apartment on Riverside. And I'll give you odds you'll find the old night-owl playing bezique with his sister-in-law!"

That, in fact, was precisely what I found the man with the camera eye doing. He sat there dealing out the cards, at one o'clock in the morning, with a face as mild and bland as a Venetian cardinal feeding his pigeons.

My host looked at the card in his fingers, looked at me, and then looked at the card again.

"She got you in trouble?" was his laconic query.

"I have never met the lady. But a friend of mine has, I'm sorry to say. And I want to do what I can to help him out."

"How much did he lose?"

"About thirty thousand dollars, he claims."

"What was the game?"

"It appears to have been one of those so-called wire-tapping *coups*.

"Funny how that always gets 'em!" ruminated that verger of long-immured faces. "Well, here's what I know about Cherry Purcelle. She [illegible] sculptor called Delisle took her over to Paris—she was still in her teens [illegible]. But she was too brainy to stick to the studio-rat arrangement. She soon [illegible] heir game' in what was called the [illegible] lish confidence-man called [illegible]. Then she got disgusted with Adams and came back to America. She had to take what she could get, and for a few weeks was a capper for a high [illegible] woman's bucket-shop. When Headquarters closed up the shop she went south and was in some way involved in the Parra uprising in the eastern end of Cuba."

My apathetic chronicler paused for a moment or two, studying his lacerated cigar-end.

"Then she married a Haytian half-caste Jew in the Brazilian coffee business who'd bought a Spanish title. Then she threw the title and the [illegible] man over and came back to W[illegible]ton, where she worked the [illegible] lobster for a winter or two. Then she took to going to Europe every month or so. I won't say she was a steamship gambler. I don't think she was. But she made friends [illegible] he could play a game of bridge that'd bring your back hair up on end. Then she worked with a mining share manipulator named Andrus. She was wise enough to slip from under before he was sent up the river. And since then, they tell me, she's been doing a more or less respectable game or two with Coke Morgan, the wire-tapper. And that, I guess, is about all."

"Has she ever been arrested? Would they have her picture, for instance, down at Headquarters?"

The man who had grown old in the study of crime smiled a little.

"You can't arrest a woman until you get evidence against her."

"Yet you're positive she was involved in a number of crooked enterprises?"

"I never called her a crook," protested my host, with an impersonality that suddenly became as Olympian as it was exasperating. "No one ever proved to me she was a crook."

"Well, *I'm* going to prove it. And I rather imagine I'm going to have her

arrested. Why," I demanded, nettled by his satiric smile, "you don't mean to say that a woman like that's immune?"

"No; I wouldn't say she was immune, exactly. On the other hand, I guess she's helped our people in a case or two, when it paid her."

"You mean she's really an informer, what they call a welcher?"

"By no means. She's just clever, that's all. The only time she ever turned on her own people was when they threw her down, threw her flat. Then she did a bit of secret service work for Wilkie's office that gave her a pull."

"Am I to understand that what you call politics and pull, then, will let a woman rob a man of thirty thousand dollars and go scot free?"

"My dear fellow, that type of woman never *robs* a man. She doesn't need to. They just blink and hand it over. Then they think of home and mother, about ten hours after."

"But—but that doesn't sound quite reasonable," I contended. The older man looked solemnly at his cigar-end before asking his next question.

"Have you seen her yet?"

"No, I haven't," I replied as I rose to go. "But I intend to."

He moved his heavy shoulder in a quick half-circular forward thrust. It might have meant anything. But I did not linger to find out. I was too impressed with the need of prompt and personal action on my part to care much for the advice of outsiders.

But as each wakeful hour went by I found myself possessed of an ever widening curiosity to see this odd and interesting woman who, as Doyle expressed it, had retained reputation at the expense of character.

It was extremely early the next morning that I presented myself at Cherry Purcelle's apartment-hotel. I had not only slept badly; I had also dreamed of myself as a flagellant monk sent across scorching sands to beg a barbaric and green-eyed Thais to desist from tapping telegraph-wires leading into the camp of Alexander the Great.

The absurdity of that opianic nightmare seemed to project itself into my actual movements of the morning. The exacting white light of day withered the last tendril of romance from my quixotic crusade. It was only by assuring myself, not so much that I was espousing the cause of the fallen, but that I was about to meet a type of woman quite new to my experience, that I was able to face Cherry Purcelle's unbetrayingly sober door.

WITH AN INARTICULATE CRY SHE KNELT OVER HIM LIKE AN ANIMAL BY ITS FALLEN MATE THEN SHE SUDDENLY REACHED OUT FOR THE REVOLVER

This door was duly answered by a maid, by a surprisingly decorous maid in white cap and apron. I was conscious of her veiled yet inquisitorial eye resting on my abashed person for the smallest fraction of a second. I almost suspected that in that eye might be detected a trace of something strangely like contempt. But, a little to my astonishment, I was admitted quite without question.

"Miss Purcelle is just back from her morning ride in the Park," this maid explained.

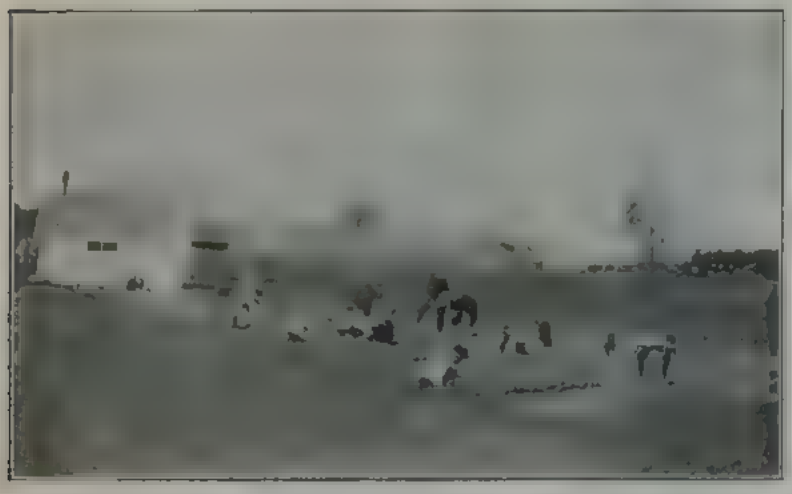
I entered what was plainly a dining-room, a small but well-lighted chamber. Striped awnings kept the morning sun from the opened windows, where a double row of scarlet geranium-tops stood nodding in the breeze. At one end of the table in the center of the room sat a woman, eating her breakfast.

She was younger looking, much younger looking, than I had thought she would be. Had she not sat there already inundated by the corroding acids of an earlier prejudice, I would even have admitted that she was an extremely beautiful woman.

She was in a rose-colored dressing gown which showed a satin-like [illegible] ness of skin at the throat and arms. Her eyes, I could see, were something

Continued on page 261

Johnny, Jenny & Co., Farmers



GARDEN AT GALETTA, CARLETON COUNTY
This is one of the gardens that was begun in 1903 under the 'Macdonald scheme'

BEING SOME REASONS WHY THE FARMER'S CHILD SHOULD NOT BE TAUGHT TO BE A MONK, AN ESSAYIST, OR A DIGGER AMONG GREEK ROOTS; AND HOW ONTARIO, TURNING THIS DISCOVERY TO GOOD ACCOUNT, IS TEACHING FARMERS' CHILDREN HOW TO BE GOOD FARMERS

By W. A. Craick

Illustrated with Photographs of School Gardens

FOR years zealous but misguided educationists have succeeded in turning the farmer's son into everything else under the sun except a farmer. They have taught him enough arithmetic to make him a fairly keen business man, enough grammar to qualify him for a teacher's certificate, enough literature to inspire him with the idea that he would like to edit the village paper, enough history to start him off as a politician, and enough geography to make him discontented with the old home, but of practical, everyday instruction in agriculture not one syllable. Small wonder that the farmer's son becomes a pedagogue, a preacher, a lawyer, a doctor, or a banker,—anything but a farmer, when the whole trend of rural education has been away from the farm.

The natural recruiting ground for the farmers of the future is the farm of to-day. It is not to be expected that city bred youths are going to take up agriculture in any large numbers or that there will be a resumption of rural pursuits by that portion of the population which has already forsaken the soil. The significance of the millionaire, business or professional man's attempt at playing the amateur farmer on a big scale is doubtful and not to be regarded as a serious factor. In short there is nothing for it but by wile or guile to turn the farmer's son into a farmer and by this means maintain the rural population of the country at a satisfactory level.

The metamorphosis is already in progress. Whether the farmer's son realizes it or not, he has come under the influence of a very determined and very powerful force, which is bent on influencing the course of his future life. He may wiggle and squirm; he may even escape and make his fortune in some other calling; but his departure will be impeded, not facilitated as in years gone by. The country believes that the farmer's son is the boy best fitted to be a farmer and it means to spare no effort to put him into his father's shoes.

The lure which is being used to catch the farmers' sons is the school garden. Just as in the kindergarten a little child is unconsciously taught orderliness and application under the guise of play, so in the school garden, the boy and the girl too, is unwittingly brought to the point of working for the fun of the thing. After all there is really nothing much more fascinating than to watch and study the development of plant life or to endeavor to solve some of the mysteries of nature. If a boy can be made to feel this fascination and to become obsessed by it, there are good hopes for his growing into a scientific farmer. The task is a delicate one. The boy mind resents compulsion. It must be led gently to

A SCHOOL GARDEN IN PLANTING TIME
This garden is thirty-eight by one hundred and twenty feet and is divided off into fifty-four individual plots each four feet by ten. The cross paths are three feet wide and lengthwise ones two feet

PUBLIC SCHOOL GARDENS AT NORTHCOTE

The introduction of agriculture in [illegible] but it has widened and developed [illegible]

a realization of the interest of the subject.

The school garden idea is developing with astonishing rapidity especially in Ontario. It has only been in vogue two or three years in this province but in that time the number of these little school farms has multiplied a hundred fold. Two years ago there were just thirty-three of them in operation under the regulations of the education department. A year ago there were one hundred and seventeen and this year the Director of Elementary Agricultural Education announces that he will be disappointed if the reports do not show that three hundred schools have been carrying on the work. The possession of a school garden is not compulsory, so that the significance of the figures is all the greater.

It is not strange that parents have been slow in recognizing the value of school-taught theories about farming. That a "school marm" could talk sensibly about soils and crop rotation seemed impossible. Let her instruct the children in reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic and the boys would learn all they needed about farming at home, where it would be drilled into them without any nonsense. When Ontario attempted to put agriculture into the rural school curriculum some years ago and made it a compulsory subject, there was a regular flare-up, largely because the farmers objected to paying taxes to support schools that taught absurd theories about farming.

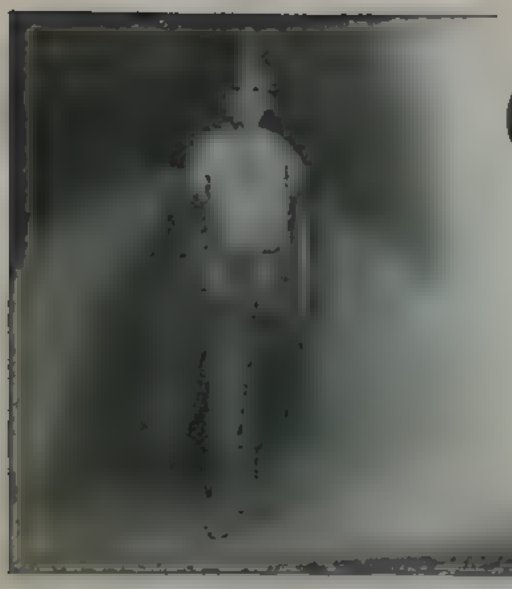
To-day the tables have been turned. The school garden scheme with its accompanying all-the-year-round lessons in nature and kindred subjects, —not compulsory but optional,—is gaining widespread support. Curious as it may seem, parents are getting quite as much if not more fun out of the school gardens than their children. Where the idea has had a chance to demonstrate its effectiveness, they have become its most zealous supporters. Its desirability in rounding out the course of the rural school and making the instruction suitable for the needs of the rural community has appealed to them at last, as is apparent from the rapidity with which the idea is gaining ground.

As a rule, however, it is the teacher who acts as the apostle of the new gospel. Partly for selfish reasons and partly from altruistic motives the modern teacher revolutionizes things when she begins her rule in the little cross-roads school-house. She is selfish in that she is aware that the government will increase her salary by thirty dollars if she undertakes the teaching of agriculture in addition to the three R's. She is altruistic because of her belief in a mission to uplift the community. Between the two she sets vigorously to work to improve things around the school.

It is not every teacher before whose eyes the thirty dollar bait is dangled by a beneficent government. The privileged ones are few and far between. They are the young ladies who have earned a certificate which advises all and sundry that they have taken a special course in elementary agriculture and horticulture at the Ontario Agricultural College and are pronounced competent to teach these subjects in public schools. Eager young ladies, with notebook and pencil in hand, can learn a great deal about plant and animal life in the space of ten weeks, which is the period set apart for this course at Guelph, and their certificates represent the acquisition of much condensed and hard-earned knowledge.

The certificated teacher arriving in a school district in which agriculture is not taught, loses no time in lobbying the trustees. A few years ago she may have experienced some difficulty in convincing them that a school garden would prove a good thing. Nowadays it is a much easier undertaking. There is an incentive offered to the board just as there is to the teacher. An initial

continued on page [illegible]



THE WOMAN OF IT

By Alan Adair

Author of "THE APOSTACY OF JULIAN FULKE," "JOAN," *etc.*

Illustrated By Katherine Southwick

SYNOPSIS.

This novel of English society opens with a prologue showing Robert Sinclair as a boy in Rome. He angers his father, a cashiered captain, by wanting to become a singer, and is brutally beaten. Mother and son leave Rome that night, the boy regretting only his parting with his playmate, Denzil Merton.

The scene changes to London. Lord Merton is giving a box party at the opera for the family of a Canadian railway man, with whose daughter, Valerie Monro, he is deeply in love. When the new tenor who is to make his premier in the role of the Knight Lohengrin comes on, Merton recognizes him as his boyhood friend, Robert Sinclair. Valerie is strangely impressed by the tenor but chides herself for being as silly about him as the other women of the party. Merton tells her he is going to call on Sinclair the next day, which he does, and finds Sinclair eager to renew their boyish acquaintance. Merton tells him that Valerie wants to meet him, but he laughs and intimates that Lohengrin's armour has dazzled her a little. Merton disclaims this, saying, "She is not like that," and when Mrs. Monro sends the singer a card for her next at all, Merton persuades him to accept. Valerie perversely snubs him. Later in the evening a light from a candle falls on her, and Sinclair puts out the fire.

CHAPTER VI. -Continued.

Then it was that Mrs. Monro showed the stuff of which she was made. She made a sign to the band; another to a footman who had followed in her wake; and in five minutes all traces of the episode being cleared away, everyone was dancing as merrily as if nothing had occurred.

There was one man who was not dancing; neither was he merry. Denzil Merton had slipped out of the dancing room, and betaken himself to a small drawing-room which was deserted. That he had not been watching her; that she might have been terribly burned without his being there to save her; that he had let slip his opportunity to save his love and his lady—it was unbearable. He covered his face with his hands, very much shaken, and abandoned himself to his emotion, not even hearing Sinclair come in.

"Denzil!" said he sharply, finding that the other man was oblivious to him. "Denzil! Look up, old man, and listen to me. She is all right,—not hurt at all."

"I know," he said. "Bob, you don't know what I suffered when I heard her cry of pain."

"She was more frightened than hurt," Sinclair answered. "But it was a near thing. Women don't realize what they risk when they wear flimsy things like that. I was close behind her and the fire ran down her sleeve like a live thing—it was nasty. If she hadn't worn a pretty stiff satin bodice, she would have been horribly burnt, but as it was, I had time to crush the flame out before it did more than eat up those chiffon sleeves."

Denzil glanced at his friend's hands, and saw he was holding them carefully away from him. "Are you burnt, Bob?" he demanded.

"A little. Where do you suppose I could get some oil and lint? It's awkward for me without the use of my hands."

"What a fool I am, sitting here when you are suffering. Come with me. They've telephoned for a doctor, and he will be here directly."

"Where's Sinclair?" It was Monro's voice, and hard upon it he came through the curtains, with both hands out to the singer. Merton warned him off. "Don't shake hands with him—he's burnt."

"The doctor's waiting for you," said Monro, indicating that they should follow him. "I can't possibly thank you, Mr. Sinclair. I'm not even going to try. Valerie is all I've got. But I will say this, that I never saw a neater, more level-headed piece of work. Mrs. Monro and I are everlastingly in your debt."

"It was a privilege," said the young man. "I happened to be standing just behind her when the candle fell, that was all."

"Yes," said the railway man. "So were plenty of others. But you didn't hesitate, when a minute's hesitation might have meant death or disfigurement for Valerie and the Lord knows how many more. That Louis the fourteenth rubbish shall be burnt to morrow."

He knocked at Valerie's door, and leaving the two men outside, stepped in. She was clad in a negligee, and the doctor had just finished putting a little piece of antiseptic dressing on the very small burn that adorned her left arm. Her maid was getting out a rose-colored dress with long sleeves.

"What's that for?" asked Monro, indicating it.

"I am coming down," said Valerie. "There is nothing the matter with me, is there, doctor?"

"There doesn't seem to be," responded the medical man, "unless you'd like to suffer from a romantic shock?" He and Valerie got on famously.

"No, indeed! I shall be much better downstairs," said Valerie merrily. "And if I spoil mother's ball, you will have her on your hands for a week."

The doctor laughed, and Valerie turned to her maid. "That dress will do," she said.

"She's all right," said Monro. "You'd best come to the other patient, doctor."

Valerie switched about instantly. "Another patient?" she demanded. "Was anyone else hurt?"

"Only the young man who put the fire out," said Monro.

"Mr. Sinclair?" she said, turning very white. "Is he hurt?"

"His hands are burnt," said Monro briefly.

"Badly ?"

"I want the doctor to see them."

"And I am chattering here," reproached the girl," and there is not a thing the matter with me. Will you take Dr. Ferguson to him at once ?"

When her father and the doctor had disappeared, Valerie sat down and leant her head on her unhurt arm. She felt suddenly that the doctor was right, and she had better stay where she was for a little. She felt like fainting again. So Sinclair was hurt ? Even through the sudden shock of the accident, she had known whose arm was about her, who had crushed out the flames, and deep in her heart, she had been glad.

And he was hurt while saving her! She must go down quickly and thank him. She had been discourteous to him, and this was her punishment and her reward.

"It's no use," she said to herself. "I can't avoid him. I have tried and failed, and I won't try any more."

Decisively, she slipped into the rose-colored dress, and looked at herself in the glass. Her beautiful color had faded, but it made her lips look more vividly red and her eyes larg r.

"I look hideous," she said. Celestine disclaimed it dutifully, and Valerie, looking in the glass again, knew she did not.

She came down, holding her head high. Denzil was waiting for her. There was a look on the little man's plain face that hurt her.

"Thank God, you are safe," he said gravely.

"I am quite all right," she smiled. "Only, I'm sorry I frightened you."

He gave a little laugh that had no merriment in it. "Frightened me ! I heard your cry, and I haven't an idea how I got to where you were. Valerie, if it had only been I standing behind you

"I wish it had been you," she answered. to his astonishment.

"Why ? Do you dislike him so much ?"

"No, I don't dislike him, and I want to thank him. Where is he ?"

"I suppose you don't like to be under obligation to him, after you snubbed him," said Denzil, puzzled. This changeful Valerie was a constant surprise to him.

"It is not that, either," she said, and stood still for a moment, with her head bent. "Is he much burnt ? I think I had better get it over as soon as possible. Will you go and see if the doctor is finished with him ?"

The doctor was finished with him, and Sinclair was unromantically drinking a glass of whiskey with Monro, who went out with the doctor, as Valerie came in. Denzil stopped to talk with them for a moment, and the girl paused on the threshold. Sinclair put his glass down, and rose, but he did not come forward. It took all Valerie's courage to take the few steps that separated them

"I have come to say thank you," she said in a low voice—but it vibrated

"There was no need, Miss Monro," he said, with cold politeness. If she had not known before how much she had hurt him, she knew it now.

"But there was need," she responded "You behaved like a hero."

"A stage hero," he qualified.

"No," she disclaimed softly. "A real hero. If you had hesitated only a moment, I—I might not have been here to thank you."

"It was pure luck," he said. "A n one standing as close to you mig have done it."

"But it was *you* that did it, a I want to thank you."

Again he bowed his acknowledg ments, but his face did not relax Only he drew his mobile lips closer together

She moved forward another step "You are very unforgiving, Mr. Sin clair."

"What had I to forgive ? You would not have thought of forgiving i I had not happened to have the good fortune of being some slight use to you."

It was quite true, and she knew it.

SHE SAT DOWN HERSELF COMFORTABLY ON THE ARM OF HIS CHAIR
MOTHER WILL HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT THAT,
JONATHAN

Likewise, she knew that she deserved to be humbled, for normally Valerie wa fair-minded.

"I am afraid I offended you by refusing you a dance."

"I was foolish to feel offended. You merely put me in my place."

"Please don't make it sound as if I were horrid to you."

He bowed a little ironically. "It is you who have supplied the adjective, Miss Monro. It is very good for me to be snubbed occasionally—only I am still too human to like it."

She flushed. "Mr. Sinclair," she appealed impulsively, "what can I say to you except that—I am sorry."

And then, to her horror, an unheard-of thing happened. She was shaken by the accident—at least, she so explained it to herself in reviewing the situation—but suddenly she felt her eyes fill with tears that trembled, and ran over her lashes in silver. She was crying, and he would see it!

He did see it, and was instantly repentant. "Miss Monro!" he exclaimed. "I am a brute. What does it matter if my miserable little feelings are hurt—what does anything matter, so long as it doesn't worry you. Please don't think of it again. I can't forgive myself, when you have had such a shock. Please, please forget all my silly nonsense. I don't deserve to have you look at me, far less dance with me."

Valerie struggled with her breathing arrangements. He came close to her, and bent over her anxiously. "Please don't," he begged. "Can't I do anything to tell you how sorry I am?"

Then Valerie, with a gasp and something very near a croak, chuckled in the middle of her tears. "You can lend me a handkerchief," she said. "I haven't any."

With a laugh of relief, Sinclair went down into his pockets and fished up a square of white linen, somewhat burnt at one edge, but with a considerable area of fresh whiteness. Valerie disappeared into it, up to her ears, and presently came out, looking much refreshed, and rather sheep-faced.

"Oh!" she said. "I am a pig. Denzil told me so. I'm a horrid, spoiled baby. But it's all right now, isn't it? Your poor hands!"

"It certainly is!" he said, with fervor. "I'm a pig and a spoiled baby, too—it's a singer's besetting sin, I suppose. Miss Monro, I hope you are going to be no end good for me."

"All right," agreed Valerie, "if you will also be no end good for me. Now let's start from the beginning, with a clean slate. Mr. Sinclair, allow me to present Miss Valerie Monro."

"Miss Monro, Mr. Sinclair," he bowed, punctiliously. And Monro, returning to his unfinished drink, found them courtesying to each other with the best understanding in the world, and smiled upon them cheerfully. He appreciated adequacy wherever he found it.

"Well, got the thanks over already?" he inquired. "Val, you come over here to your poor old daddy. Do you know you came pretty near leaving him an orphan to-night? Louis the Fourteenth's days are numbered in this house."

She settled herself comfortably on the arm of his chair, in her favorite position. "Mother will have something to say about that, Jonathan."

"Mother will have to say it to herself, then. No more of those gilly-flowers, or whatever you call 'em, for me. The sole young Monro in captivity mustn't be endangered. Don't you agree with me, Sinclair?"

"If she is, I stipulate that it must be only on occasions when I am there to save her," said the young man.

"I don't know anybody I'd rather have on the spot than you," said Monro. "Let me tell you, it isn't everybody who can think as quickly as that. I had a fellow in British Columbia once, when we were putting a tunnel through a place in the Kicking Horse Pass that had one of those instant-firing minds. He did a trick with a shot of dynamite that I'll never forget."

"What was that?" inquired Sinclair.

"You must save that up for another time, Jonathan," put in Valerie. "Here comes mother, and she will want us to go down. When Mr. Sinclair comes again, we'll go up to your den, and you shall tell it all to him. It's a really bully yarn," she added, turning to the singer. "You know when I was a little girl, we used to live out there on the construction-line, and I used to go everywhere with dad through the mountains. It was the best fun I ever had in my life."

Mrs. Monro rustled in, and overwhelmed Sinclair with gracious thanks. "It is perfectly splendid that you were at hand, dear Signor Sinclair," she cooed, and Valerie, although she herself had called him "Signor" earlier in the evening, winced. "We can never thank you for restoring our daughter to us. You must come again, and let us try to tell you how very much we appreciate it. Valerie, my dear, they are asking for you in the ballroom, and Martin, you must go down and attend to all your political friends. Dreadfully sorry to break up your little chat," this to Sinclair, "but you know what social duties are — isn't it absurd?"

They went down all together, Valerie dropping a little behind with the singer.

"You will come, won't you?" she said, "and be friends with us?"

"You want me to come—like Denzil?" he asked slowly.

"I don't want you to come as an appendage of Denzil's," she said "Come, if you will, as yourself—but perhaps you would not care to? We are quite conventional, uninteresting people, and of course you are very busy."

He looked at her very steadily. "You know that I want to come," he told her. "You have known it a long time, I think."

"A long time?" she queried. Her heart was running fast.

"I mean since the first time I saw you—at Lohengrin."

She was silent for a moment. "No, I don't think I understood that, then."

"You have not come again," he said. "Do you despise the stage?"

"No; why should I?"

"You seemed to have a sort of contempt for it."

"Not for the stage," she said, slowly. "At least—I cannot tell—you are the only man who makes his living on the stage to whom I have ever spoken. My mother"—she twisted her charming mouth into a whimsical smile "appreciates genius, and we are much led by mother, dad and I. You see she really enjoys things—and we don't."

"What things?"

"Oh—the season, and balls and diamonds and entertaining royalty and nobility and lions. She is the arbiter of our destinies, you know."

"Ah?" he said, guessing the reason for her snub.

"But if you care to come, and associate with common trash like dad and me—we shall be very glad to see you."

He had his hand beneath her elbow, steadying her down the stairs, and he gave her arm the slightest significant pressure, before they parted.

"You will save a dance for me next time?" said he.

"That is a promise," she said gaily, and they went into the ballroom together, the cynosure of all eyes.

CHAPTER VII.

THERE is nothing more distasteful in appearance, more desolate in its remnants of past gaiety, than a ball-room after the guests have gone. The lights were all extinguished, and the cold hint of dawn peered shiveringly in through the panes upon the host and hostess in their weary relaxation.

Mrs. Monro sat limply on the slippery surface of one of the despised Louis the Fourteenth chairs, and her husband leaned against the wall, regarding her. Valerie plumped herself down on a divan.

"Well, thank goodness that's over," said she. "I have danced two gowns out this evening, lost my temper twice, and made a friend."

"You don't seem to regard nearly getting killed as important enough to add to the list," said her father quizzically

"Dear knows, it's just like her," said Mrs. Monro a trifle fretfully. "How could you be so careless, Valerie ?"

"It wasn't her fault, mother," extenuated Monro. "One of those foolish candles of yours fell out of its dewdad —I don't know what you call 'em—all right, girandole, then—and landed on her sleeve. If that young Sinclair hadn't been right behind her, it might have been serious."

"Yes, wasn't it lucky," agreed his wife. "We really ought to do something for him, don't you think, Martin? I don't suppose a check—"

Monro shook his head. "Not that kind. Some of them have hooks on their hands, instead of nails—but not him."

"Well, we might perhaps help him some other way. An engagement, now—don't these opera singers take on recitals at private houses ?"

"Oh, mother !" put in Valerie. "Let's not do it that way. He was here as a guest, don't you see ? Just the same as Denzil was—and if Denzil had put out the fire, we wouldn't have thought of doing anything but thanking him."

"Well, but then *he* is Lord Merton."

"It's just the same. We've all thanked him, and everything we can do is done. When he comes again—*if* he comes again, let's just treat him as we'd have treated Denzil."

"Of course," said Mrs. Monro doubtfully, "that's the way we'd do in Canada, but—but—people are so *different* here. I'll ask Miss Searle about it in the morning—she'll know just what ought to be done. Really, that young woman is positively invaluable to me.

"I think I'll go upstairs now," said Valerie, rising. "This evening has been long enough for me. You two had better follow my example."

She gave Mrs. Monro a dutiful salute on the cheek, and reached up to Monro a rather white and hollow-eyed face. He put his lean, sinewy arms around her.

"Ouch, dad !"

He laughed, not apologizing for the strength of his hug, kissed her, and gave her a playful push in the direction of the door.

"You two are just alike," said Mrs. Monro, smiling at her husband. "I suppose you'll agree with Valerie that he has been thanked enough."

SHE PUSHED. "MR. SINCLAIR [illegible]
"WHAT CAN I SAY [illegible]
I AM SORRY ?" —

"How did you guess ?" grinned her husband.

"Valerie is a little bit of a snob, you know," said she innocently. "She doesn't want to encourage Signor Sinclair, I suppose because he is a singer."

"Would you like to have her encourage him ?" asked Monro, ruthlessly breaking in on his wife's exposition of Valerie's sentiments.

She looked at him in astonishment, and found he was serious.

"Martin ! You don't mean—you can't for a moment mean ?—you don't think she's *interested* in him ?"

"Valerie has a pretty level head," said her father musingly, "but she finds young Sinclair rather a new variety of bird, I think, and I wanted to get your views on the subject."

"My heavens ! it would break my heart if Valerie fell in love with anybody who hadn't a good position in society. She simply couldn't do it ! Why, what do you think I give these parties for ?"

"I suspect it's because you like them and manage them so well," said he.

"Do you really think I manage them well, Martin ? You are such a satisfactory husband—you always admire

(Continued on page 252)

"Red" Dempsey, Rebel

BEING THE STORY OF A BOY WHO WOULD NOT TAKE A LICKING, AND WHAT THEREAFTER BEFELL

By John Patrick Mackenzie

Illustrated by A. W. Grann

HE WAITED WEARILY UNTIL THE LAST BOY HAD GONE HOME AND THEN SLUNK AWAY

WHEN he first came over from Buffalo to live with his maternal grandparents in beautiful, maple-shaded Hamilton, Robert Emmett Dempsey looked the personification of innocence. As he sat in the straight-backed pew beside the delighted old couple, his wide open blue eyes, burnished copper-colored curly hair, chubby, freckled face, green velveteen jacket and broad lace collar made a harmonious and pleasing picture

His expression suggested rapt awe and wonder, in turn at the solemn, black-gowned minister; at the precentor with his tuning fork, who emitted marvellously from the opposite corners of his mouth an alternate bass and soprano note for the guidance of the right and left wings of the choir as a preliminary to the soul-stirring surge of the psalms of David; at the dour old elder in the pew in front, who, alone among the sadly modern congregation stood throughout the prayer and sat during the singing as had been the way of Presbyterians of a past generation.

The wonder on the boy's face was genuine, but there was not a grain of awe in his small body, and what he was wondering about was what he, a free born American, had to do with the strange customs of a barbarous country.

In secular affairs as well as in sacred, he was at the outset a stranger in a strange land. He first attended one of the many private schools which were a humiliation to the small boys who were sentenced to them and which went by the ignominious name of "girls' schools," the fair sex being greatly in the majority. His introduction there was promptly followed by a fight with a boy who, because of the most conspicuous feature of his costume called him "girl's frill." He held his own, wore frills no more and in time was accepted as a member in good standing of the discontented minority. These were all impatiently awaiting the day when they could be transferred to a real school, and so Robbie, as the girls called him, proudly took his place in the ranks of the Hamilton Grammar School at the earliest possible date on which the change could be brought about; and was thenceforward known as Red.

He soon encountered an ancient institution which he did not and could not at that time appreciate at its full value—discipline by corporal punishment. A new mathematical master had lately come from the lower public school, known as the Central School. His name was De Struycker and his fame was consistent with his name. At the Central, it was considered necessary to correct girls with mild strokes of the pointer on the palms of their hands—especially in mathematics to which they did not, as a rule, take without assistance. The girls at the Grammar School were few in number and were treated with more consideration. So, when De Struycker encountered a more than ordinarily unmathematical feminine mind in the elementary arithmetic class and raised his pointer, Red Dempsey, with true American idealization of womankind, exclaimed, "We don't lick girls here!"

The teacher could not identify the voice, but, with visible embarrassment, took the hint and lowered the pointer. Then, the general laughter and the direction of the gaze of the class showed him whom he had to thank for the suggestion, and, the disorder continuing, he felt warranted in ordering his youthful critic to come forward and stand in front of the teacher's platform, as a first step toward restoring order.

The boy, feeling somewhat important, stood in a careless attitude

"Stand up straight," the master said.

"All right," agreed Red, but he soon relaxed the other leg.

"Did not I tell you to stand up straight?"

"You certainly did, and here goes."

That was where a truly great man would have nipped rebellion in the bud, but De Struycker was not equal to the occasion. Conscious that he was getting the upper hand, Red soon relaxed again into a nonchalant attitude.

"Here! Toe that mark!" De Struycker exclaimed.

"I don't know which mark you mean," Red answered.

He stood facing the direction in which the boards ran, and as the cracks between the ends were irregular in line, that lent plausibility to his innocent objection

"That one," said the master, pointing.

"You'll have to show me. I can't tell which one you mean," replied the pupil, now quite in command of the situation.

The hopeless De Struycker stooped to place his finger on the mark, in an effort to show scorn and contempt for such stupidity, whereupon Red sprang forward with alacrity, and stepped on the finger. The outraged master, forgetting all dignity, lunged forward from his stooping posture with hand outstretched to collar the young ruffian, but it was a simple matter for any boy to dodge what he was expecting and poor De Struycker fell sprawling on the floor. Scrambling to his feet amid the ill suppressed snickers of the pupils,

he roared, "Go to Mr. Lachlan's room and ask him to lend me his rawhide."

As the doomed one passed, a boy said, "Don't forget to tie a knot in it," and this impressed Red as a choice witticism. So he heaved his shoulders as he went, in a much overacted simulation of intense amusement, and this did not tend to soothe his waiting executioner.

"Mr. Lachlan," said Red in his politest tone, "Mr. De Struycker sent me to ask you if you would kindly favor him with the loan of your rawhide."

"With pleasure," was the natural rejoinder to such a pleasantly expressed request. Then, realizing the nature of the loan, he added, "But what does he want it for?"

"I rather suspect he wants it to use on me," Red replied.

Mr. Dempsey had visited Hamilton when Robert's promotion to the Grammar School was decided upon and had made a point of calling on the head master, whom he had impressed most favorably. Mr. Lachlan, therefore, was somewhat taken aback. However, it was the way of all flesh and there was nothing to be done about it. So he merely said in a friendly way, "Come to me after school and tell me about it."

As the victim returned to his fate a boy held out a lump of resin, which amused them both so greatly that their grins were contagious and set all the boys in that part of the room to laughing.

"What did you say to that boy?" De Struycker asked suspiciously

"Nothing."

"Well, then, what did he say to you?"

"You had better ask him."

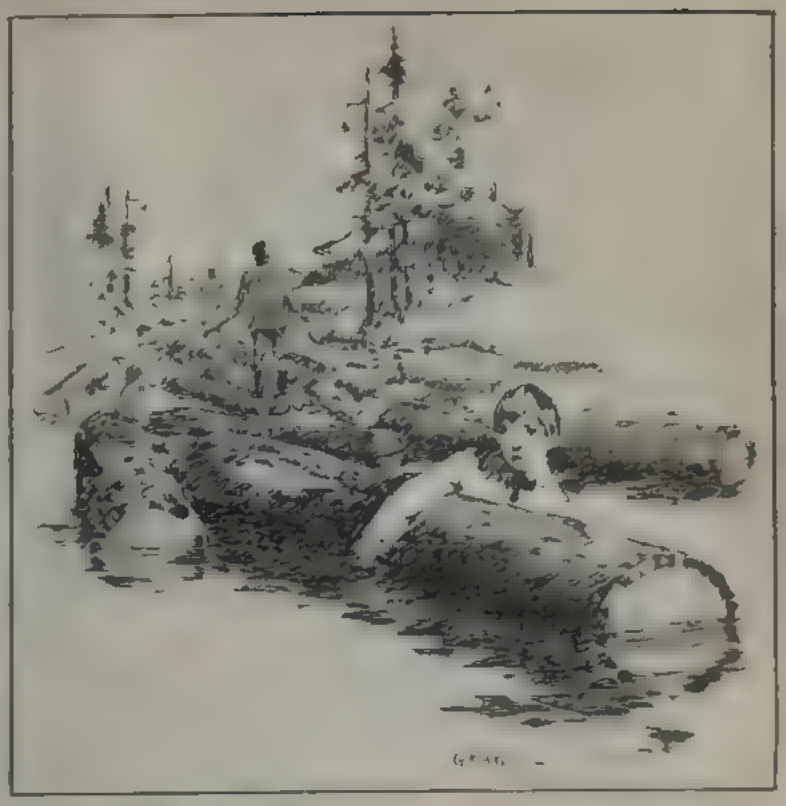
Completely baffled, the master abruptly broke off diplomatic relations and ordered the enemy to hold out his hand

Red stood close, shifted his hand as the rawhide swished down, and it caught De Struycker on his own knee

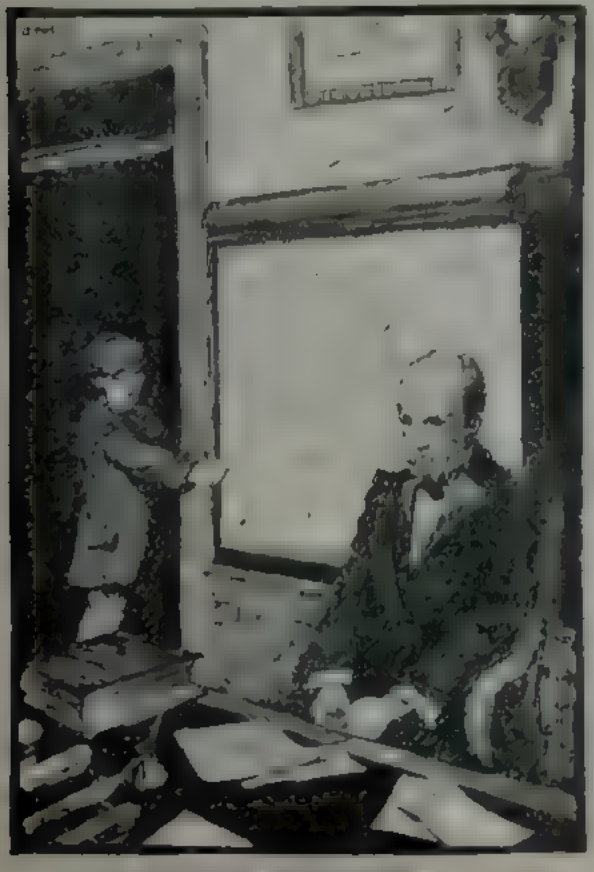
Next round: Red broke away from the grasp of the master, who had him by the wrist, and managed it just in time to make De Struycker bring down the rawhide on his left. It was a shameful sight to see a schoolmaster so inefficient in the use of his natural weapon.

Red then decided to force the fighting and grasped De Struycker's right arm, but, shifting the rawhide to his left, the master brought it down on the back of the boy's hand, inflicting a cut which was not serious but stung sufficiently to madden any red-haired boy

Grabbing for the rawhide with both hands, the boy hung to it, meanwhile vigorously kicking the teacher's shins, and, amid the excitement, the girl whom Red had saved from a caning raised a bottle of red ink, and much to her own surprise, managed to land it squarely on De Struycker's forehead He, seeing the red stream, thought that he was badly wounded, and leaving the boy in possession of the rawhide and the field, rushed away to the lavatory where he quickly reassured himself.



IT LOOKED SO PICTURESQUE AND EASY, THAT IT WAS A REAL SHOCK TO FIND HIMSELF IN WATER UP TO HIS NECK AND CLINGING TO A LOG FOR DEAR LIFE



As he returned with a piece of sticking plaster on his forehead, the door opened and a party of lady visitors entered. Red took in the situation and with great presence of mind stooped and smeared the backs of his hands and wrists with the red fluid from the broken bottle. Then he thrust out his arms with the backs of his hands upward. The teacher turned to escort the visitors to seats and spied him

What are you standing that way for?" he demanded.

To let the blood dry," which caused the ladies to turn pale and cast horror-stricken glances at De Struycker. In justice to Red it must be said that there was a drop or two of real blood amid the liberal splash of carmine which he displayed.

You had better go home," De Struycker muttered

Red thought it safe to get away before any of the ladies should muster up courage to bathe his wounds, and promptly made for the door.

As he went out, he turned and warned boldly, "I'll be waiting for you when you go home."

De Struycker was utterly lacking in the qualities essential to a good general, either for pressing an attack or for covering a retreat. He took one look through the door after school was dismissed and saw Red waiting waiting with half a dozen other young desperadoes—and he weakly retreated, thinking that they would soon get

tired and go home. When he next reconnoitred, they were still there and he realized that he had permitted his last chance for dignified exit, the Head Master, to go, and was alone with his besiegers. He tried a back window only to find that the school was picketed on all sides. The telephone had not yet been introduced and there was no way to call for help. He essayed a sudden sortie but only got the door closed again in time to save himself from a withering volley of stones. Dully he sat down and waited for night—waited wearily until, long after dark, the boys had been led home one by one by searching parents, and then he slunk away.

Robert's father, a busy railroad man, was summoned from the midst of an important trip in and brought suit against the master for assault and battery At once he had the whole town by the ears.

The press spread Robert's fame by engaging in a spirited controversy as to the merits of his cause. The people, who were tinctured with a growing American element, were divided into two parties.

Mr. Dempsey, accustomed to the ease with which American railroads were usually able to attain their ends, had not counted on the traditions of the British bar. A worthy follower of Sergeant Buzfuz was found to defend the established institutions of the public schools and he painted a terrible picture, and supported it with witnesses, of a youthful monster too cowardly to fight with other boys, but overbearing and insulting to teachers, who had to be made an example of, or the whole structure of society would collapse. Robert's witnesses were emphatic on the point that he was always ready to fight, but that did not seem to help matters much.

The case bade fair to drag along interminably and Mr. Dempsey, too busy to spend his time in attendance on the courts, finally dropped it. However, the public school department of the provincial government continued an investigation, which finally led to the abolition of corporal punishment. But that is getting a long way anead of this story.

Young Robert, convinced that he, like other martyrs—John Brown, for instance, or his own illustrious namesake, Robert Emmett—was destined to be a public benefactor, was displaying alarming symptoms of swelled head. Unable to return with dignity to the only boy's school in the town, a private tutor was engaged for him—a well-meaning but rather colorless young man whose pupil entertained him with bent pins, with rubber legged spiders, with dead garter snakes and live mice and all the antidotes for monotony known to boys. His grandparents never would divulge what pranks he played on them during this period, for they loved him through it all, but he was caught one day by an outsider as he was emptying the household sack of split peas into the street because he did not approve of pea soup.

This sort of thing went on for some months, the tutor bearing the brunt, and then the loving old grandparents at last gave in and summoned the father once more. They had struggled bravely against their better judgment hoping against hope that a way might be found to keep their dear boy with them, but it had become too apparent that his character was in danger. However, they pleaded successfully that he should not be taken back to the States, the father consenting the more readily as he was constantly travelling.

Finally, Dr. William Tassie's famous school in the neighboring town of Galt was decided upon, it being apparent that what the boy needed most was discipline and, from all accounts, it was to be found there in most perfect flower.

Robert entered into the spirit of the new life with gusto. He was assigned to the Middle Room in Dr. Tassie's own house, a dormitory which was in the direct line of passage from the front of the house to the back, and, being open to unexpected descent from all sides, was filled with obstreperous small boys. There he gained standing by means of a song which he said was composed in memory of his grandfather and ran thus:

Whin Michael Dempsey an' his pig set out for Abbeyleix
"'Tis mesilf that hates to part wid yez," says he, "but darlint—faix
"The rint comes due this mornin' an' the children hungry too,
"So, me gintleman, 'tis ye alone can pull this family t'rough."
Whin Dempsey sold the pig
He up and danced a jig
An' threated all the neighbors
For he felt that proud an' big.

Robert also opened a generous hamper of grub, which increased his popularity. "The nasty stuff! How much is it a bottle?" Mrs. Tassie exclaimed when she saw the chocolate smeared on the floor, but by that time all the varied contents of the hamper had been assimilated.

At the beginning of his second week in school, Robert had not had a symptom of homesickness and was enjoying himself immensely.

Just before morning school, while waiting for the bell to ring, he was admiring the red-sashed lumbermen as they came down the river on the logs, singing "En Roulant Ma Boule." It looked so easy and picturesque that he simply had to imitate them, but the imitation only lasted the length of two logs from shore, when he found himself in the water up to his neck and clinging to a log for dear life. Just then the school bell rang. There was nothing for it but to crawl out over the logs and run for the door.

Dr. Tassie gave his personal attention to the few classes which seemed to need his efforts most, and so had a good deal of time for general supervision. At the end of the first hour, he spied a vacant wet spot on a bench in Mr. Myles' room and was told that the class then in that room was not responsible. He traced the preceding class to the room of the mathematical master, dear, bashful Tommy Bright. Tommy had just had to cane a boy and was blushing profusely The wet spot was there, but the class had gone. It was found absorbing German grammar from Herr von Post in sugar-coated form of nursery rhymes.

Staat, straal, sporn,
Schmertz, eee, dorn,

seemed to have something in common, though just what hardly penetrated their youthful understanding.

A pupil whose original name passed into oblivion and who thereafter was called "Schmurtz" was vainly endeavouring to make his rebellious tongue compass the correct pronunciation of der Schmertz. Der Schmurtz —Dur Schmertz and finally and hopelessly Dur Schmurtz consistently rounded out his conception of the possibilities, and Herr von Post, aware of the head master's presence, desisted from further exposure of [illegible] and prepared to exhibit his master-[illegible]

Dr. Tassie appr[illegible]ed [illegible] by the boys, waved to the teacher to proceed, and stood in the doorway grimly listening while the lesson went on, his practised ear catching also the parts which were cautiously whispered to the reciter by his next neighbor.

Herr von Post turned to the head master with a smile of [illegible] but Dr Tassie an artist in his profession had no time for anything so trivial as the German language when Discipline, with a big D, was the lesson.

He ordered the class to stand up, whereupon the wet spot was again disclosed. Robert was identified, his explanation received and he was ordered to the front hall.

Spinal Maginnis, whose name immortalized his masterly misuse of words had, while kneeling on a bench during morning prayers, scraped his initials on the window pane newly frosted by Mr. Mellish, the town glazier, to shut off wandering thoughts, and so had preceded Red to the place of atonement for conspicuous sins.

The Olympian presence reverberated in sonorous tones the slogan 'Ah! h'm! h'm! h'm! Hold out your hand, sorr!"

It will be remembered that a little warmth always brought out a soupcon

of brogue on the tip of Dr. Tassie's tongue.

"Not so close. I do not wish to strike your poolse." The writing lesson, yet to come, was to be considered.

But the tale had best be told as Spinal told it to the backroom boys.

"Old Bill caught on that youn_ Red was giving him the same stratumgem."

"What in the world is that?" Chummy Jones, recognized official translator of Spinalisms, gasped.

"Why a very defective minerva"—

"A what!"

"Oh, you know what I mean. A trick that he worked on that teacher in Hamilton—holding his hand close and then pulling it away so that the tawse came down on the teacher's own leg."

"I see. Stratagem and effective maneuver were the words you were staggering at. I had visions of pieces of polished granite and broken statuary flying in the air."

"Well, Red might have known that he couldn't catch Old Bill that way. He turned to me and said, after he had backed away a couple of times and Red kept shoving his hand up close, "Ah! h'm! Macpherson, what would you do in such a case?"

"I wanted to get my own licking over, because I knew you fellows were having fun with Larry Moyles and I didn't want to miss it. Besides, I thought it was rough on young Red to lick him for not getting drowned, and in his wet clothes, too, and perhaps if it was put off, Old Bill might see it that way and give him some mollified punishment. You know he isn't half bad when he thinks a thing over. So I said, "I should give him some posterior punishment, sir."

"A very good suggestion indeed," Old Bill said, and with that he turned me about in front of Red and, before I knew what was up he had him hoisted on my back and me holding his hands and Old Bill holding his feet. My! but he felt nasty and damp. Two or three times he got a foot loose and kicked me good and hard. But Old Bill got a good hold on both ankles with one hand and laid it on with the other.

Spinal's audience nodded understandingly, and made symbolic gestures. They, too, had come under the redoubtable marksmanship of Dr. Tassie.

"It's not so much what he does to you, but it's what he says when he does it," remarked Showinoff. "I suppose he made a few pointed remarks to Red."

"It wasn't a pointer," disagreed Spinal. "He used the rawhide on him."

"No, he means what did Old Bill say to Red," explained Chummy, with a grin.

"Oh! Well, I think it's pretty hard to rub it on a fellow the way Old Bill does. If Red had got drowned just think how his folks would have felt. But does Old Bill see that? No sir, not for a little minute. All he thinks about is his school. What do you think he said to Red?"

"Told him to get drowned next time and rid us of him."

"No. He said—just like this:

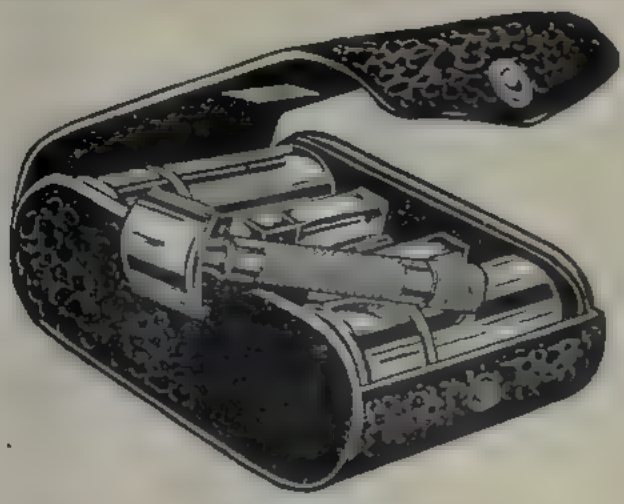
"'If—whack—you—whack—had—whack—been—whack—drowned—whack—it—whack—would—whack—have—whack—ruined—whack—my—w[illegible]school.'"

Chummy's comment, "That must have been an eye-opener for Red," was taken by Spinal in a physical rather than in a mental sense, for he said, "You bet it was, and he's the fellow that said no teacher could m[illegible] him cry."

"Disillusionized, wasn't he?"

And for once Spinal was in complete accord with his censor.

"That was it exactly. I never in all my life saw such a dissolution."



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Inside of each grain there occur in the making a hundred million steam explosions—one for each food granule. Thus the grains are puffed to eight times normal size.

The heat applied is 550 degrees. That gives the fascinating taste—a taste like toasted nuts.

The thin walls crush, at a touch of the teeth, into almond-flavored granules. You have never tasted more delicious morsels.

Yet these are just whole grains, without any additions. The whole flavor comes from heat.

The object of all this is to make every atom digestible, by blasting the granules to pieces. To supply you all the food value that lies in the grain.

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Serve in the morning with sugar and cream, or mix with any fruit. For supper, serve like crackers, floating in bowls of milk. Use like nuts in candy making or as a garnish for ice cream. Serve in soup like wafers.

Don't go without them. Nothing you know in cereal foods is anywhere near so delightful.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(504)

Johnny, Jenny & Co.

Continued from page 247

grant of fifty dollars may be theirs, to be followed by an annual grant of thirty dollars, if they will spend that much money on establishing and maintaining a school garden.

The plan of giving a grant to encourage this special work instead of forcing the schools to undertake it as part of their regular course, is calculated to influence more boards in its favor. And with a wider recognition of its value, the number of schools to introduce the school garden idea will increase still more rapidly. It is a contagious movement and once it gains a hold will multiply faster and faster. At present the school gardens are found almost entirely in Western Ontario, particularly in the counties of Lincoln and Kent, but they are also appearing in Eastern Ontario.

According to departmental instructions the garden should contain individual plots at least four by ten feet in area, a piece of land one-tenth of an acre in extent being sufficient for twenty-five pupils. This should be protected against injury by the children in their games or by dogs, poultry and cattle and should be looked after during the summer holidays. In fact all the surroundings of the school as well as the garden, have to be well kept in order to entitle the trustees to the special grant. Modifications are allowed. Thus an arrangement may be made whereby the work in flower gardening may be done in flower borders suitably arranged about the school house or fences. In fact no hard or fast rules are laid down, the great idea being to systematize the work and develop a consistent and progressive series of studies from year to year.

Sometimes single-handed, sometimes assisted by the parents, the teacher gets a garden started and the practical work begins. As a rule the pupils become enthusiastic, especially if the teacher is able to handle the preliminary lessons in nature study in an entertaining way.

When the school garden plan was started in 1910, the emphasis was laid on the possession of the garden itself and the Government grant was given distinctly on the understanding that it was to encourage this branch of the work. More recently this idea has been modified and, while the garden is still necessary, the basis of special grants is now the teaching of agriculture. Instead of having isolated gardening in spring and summer, the cultivation of plots is made part and parcel of an all-the-year-round course in agricultural instruction.

A specially prepared blank form is now inserted in the school register in which the teacher, who undertakes to provide a course in elementary agriculture and horticulture, is required to enter her report. This form is detachable and at the end of the year is sent to the Director of Elementary Agricultural Education. It provides space for each month in the year with suggestions covering work for that particular month. This insures the continuity of the work.

Thus in January it is suggested that pupils might make a study of the forest-tree areas in the school district, compiling maps and a census of the trees, and might further investigate plans for conserving the local forests, reforesting waste lands or establishing an arboretum in connection with the school. Incidentally they might be taught about the value of ashes and their utility for gardens, while in the arithmetic class problems on lumber, saw-logs and wood-piles would relate one branch of study to the others.

An investigation of the breeds of farm animals in the neighborhood is recommended, while practical lessons on air and liquid pressure and the principles of the action of the common pump, barometer and lactometer are in order at this time of the year. January is also an excellent month in which to organize poultry clubs for the improvement of poultry; corn, oat, barley or potato clubs for improvement in these products; and tomato or flower clubs for the girls.

An examination of the reports for 1912 submitted to the director shows that teachers have followed out these instructions very generally and that in schools where the course is taught, the pupils are learning about these various subjects or are taking up work of a similar nature. One can readily imagine the relief in the class-room when the drudgery of grammar, arithmetic and spelling is over and the children can begin to think about subjects that enter directly into everyday life.

February finds the class making germination tests of the seeds that their fathers are going to sow in the spring and studying the structure of little plants and the effect of light, heat and moisture on their growth. Or they may bring apple or other fruit tree twigs from the orchard at home to learn about age, markings, fruit and leaf buds, etc. Studies about milk are also recommended for this month. The determination of specific gravity is taught, tests are made of the fat contents in the milk and cow testing work is carried on at home

March comes and the class takes up the grading of seeds and seeks to estimate the amount of weed-seed impurities in the seed that is to be sown on

Continued on page 260

Not "Raised" With Yeast

You can "raise" a loaf of white flour bread with yeast — but you can't "raise" healthy, robust American youngsters in that way. The best food for growing boys and girls is

Shredded Wheat

It contains no yeast, no fats, no chemicals of any kind — just pure, whole wheat, steam-cooked, shredded and baked. The crisp, brown Biscuits are not only deliciously appetizing, but they encourage thorough chewing, which makes them better than porridges.

Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits (heated in the oven to restore crispness) eaten with hot milk or cream, will supply all the energy needed for a half day's work. Deliciously nourishing and wholesome when eaten in combination with canned peaches or other canned or preserved fruits, baked apples, stewed prunes or sliced bananas. Try toasted TRISCUIT, the shredded wheat wafer, for luncheon, with butter or cheese

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Mothers should give only the well-known

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The many millions that are annually used constitute the best testimonial in their favor, they are guaranteed by the proprietor to be absolutely free from opium.
See the Trade Mark, a Gum Lancet, on every packet and powder. Refuse all not so distinguished.

Small Packets, 9 Powders
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THE CRADLE OF CANADA

ALTHOUGH Canada has never officially given the title of "Father of His Country" to any of her heroic founders, there is no one to whom it belongs of better right than General Wolfe, the hero of Quebec, who in his victory over Montcalm broke the power of French rule in Canada

He was the son of York people, and the ancient church of St. Cuthbert's it was built in 685 A. D., and has a catalogue of rectors dating from the year 1239 when Richard de Heton served God and his parish there claims him as its own, and founds thereon its right to the title "The Cradle of Canada." Roman, Pict, Saxon, Dane and Norman alike have swept over its site, building or burning in turn, but the minster still stands, though sadly in need of repair. Colonel and Mrs. Wolfe dwelt in its shadow, were married here, and counted it their parish church

A fund is being collected to restore it, and it is only fair that Canada should share in keeping this early relic of its history in existence. The Rev. R. G. Pyne, Rector of St. Cuthbert's, York, England, is custodian of the fund

CLEAN SEED

WE have campaigned in behalf of clean, weed-seedless seed in CANADA MONTHLY before, and this is not the time to argue its merits again. But we want to call the attention of the farmer to the Calgary Seed Laboratory, which is at the disposal of all who apply

Most of Canada's harvest last year was reaped under ideal conditions. But not all farmers can be sure of having seed of strong vitality in their granaries for spring seeding. Every farmer who feels at all doubtful about the vitality of the seed he expects to sow should send a sample of it to the Dominion Government Seed Laboratory at Calgary for a germination test

In former years most of the seed samples have come in to be tested in March and April, overtaxing the capacity of the laboratory and causing delay in reporting on the samples. It is urged by the government that samples be sent in early, so that the farmer whose seed is not fit for use may replace it before the sowing season begins

PROVED AGAIN

IT is getting to be axiomatic that corn is not necessary for the proper fattening of pork or beef. Glencarnock Victor II. never smelt a mouthful of corn, and yet he walked away with the Grand Championship at the International Live Stock Show—probably the hardest test of a beef animal's quality

It is interesting to note what President Louis F. Swift, of the packing company, said about Glencarnock Victor's triumph, in his address to the stockholders recently

> Great advance has been made during the last year in showing that cattle may be profitably fed without corn. We have just had another very striking demonstration of this through the award of the Grand Champion prize to a Canadian steer raised on alfalfa, barley and oats—no corn whatever

If anybody ought to know whereof he speaks, President Swift and J. D McGregor, owner of the prize-winner, are competent to stand as authorities Mr. McGregor stated at the time of the live stock show that he believed "this championship and other prizes that we are winning are proving that very superior cattle can be produced at the lowest feeding cost without corn."

The corn belt has held that the yellow grain is indispensable too long We, for one, are glad that Canada has brought the lesson home to stock-raisers and demonstrated beyond a doubt that cattle can be fed other grains with profit. The more steers there are in Canada, the more prosperous the farmer will be

Johnny, Jenny & Co.

Continued from page 257.

the home farm. Maps of the farms are also made, showing the proposed plans of cropping, and instruction is given in crop rotation and systems of farming. And in March, too, seeds are planted in window boxes and hot beds and preparations are made for commencing work in the school garden, such as getting ready stakes, labels and tools, purchasing seeds and fertilizers and planning the experiments to be tried.

Then in April, if the weather permits the ground is prepared, plots are laid out and seed is planted. In the class room attention is given to the subject of grafting and pruning and the problem of how to restore old orchards is studied out. An examination is made of the implements used in farm and garden work and their principles are explained. The operation of spraying outfits is elucidated and the preparation and uses of fungicides and insecticides studied

May finds the garden work in full swing. Instruction and exercises are given in thinning, mulching and weeding, while the contents of window [illegible] are set out. In the class the identification of weed seedlings, the development of blossoms and formation of fruit and the proper method of planting fruit or shade trees is taken up. Studies of the habits of earthworms, bees, toads and birds are also made. Arbor Day, coming in this month, is taken advantage of to make improvements round the school grounds, work in which parents can participate.

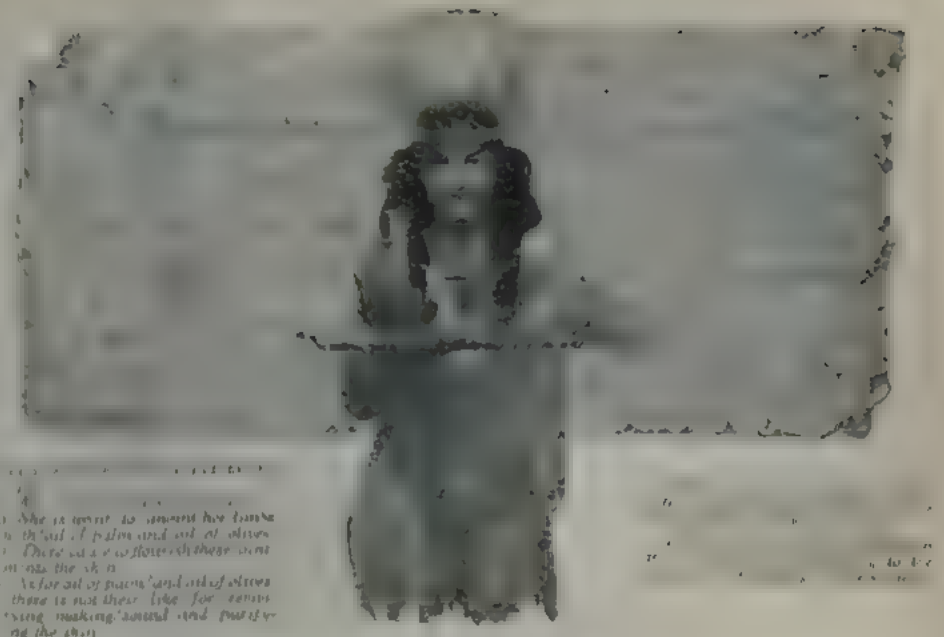
June is the closing month of the spring term and work in the garden terminates, but arrangements must be made for the care of the plots during the holidays. If the pupils can do this themselves so much the better. Class work embraces studies of flower structures such as corn, wheat, potato and tomato, a study of the principles of good road making and investigation with remedies of the work of common injurious insects such as cutworms, codling moths and cabbage butterflies.

On resuming school in September, it is becoming customary to arrange a school fair at which a display of the products raised by the pupils both at home and in the school garden is possible This idea is gaining in popularity and is becoming the feature of the year in many schools. Meanwhile this month a weed study excursion may be undertaken; the specimens secured on which are afterwards mounted and methods of weed eradication are described. The common housefly likewise comes in for attention, its life history and habits are investigated and ways of suppressing it discussed.

October, the month of the apple harvest, makes a competition in fruit timely and interesting. Pupils bring samples and are given instruction in judging. Methods of packing and shipping are also taken up, with causes and remedies for injured and imperfect fruit. In the garden, cuttings and plants are taken for school or home windows or for wintering over; bulbs are planted and the school garden is made ready for the cold season.

The closing months of the year admit of no outside work but in the school room nature study goes on just as well. There is the problem of wintering the farm animals, feeding them and caring for the poultry. Judging competitions are held, class debates, discussions and the reading of prize essays are in order and numerous practical experiments in physical science are possible

One reads with satisfaction the reports of those earnest teachers, who are whole-heartedly endeavoring to interest their scholars in these varied subjects. The records of a year's work taken at random from the pile of reports submitted to the director of elementary agricultural education is an inspiration. It means the expendi-



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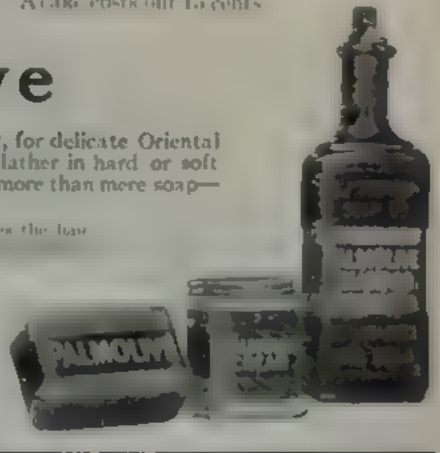

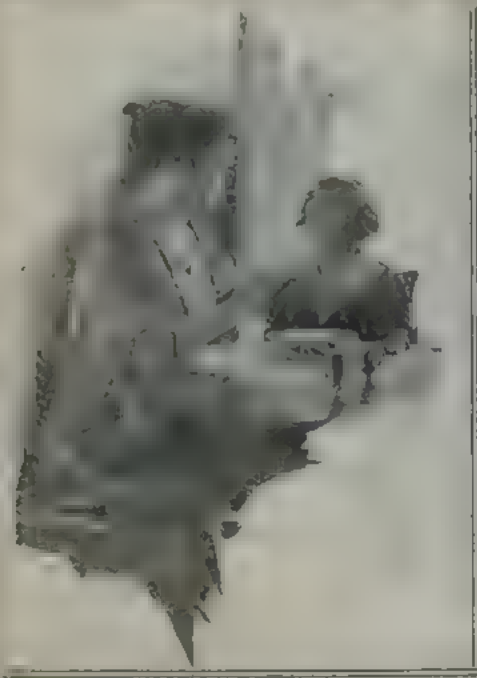

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ture of much labor by the teacher but at the same time it is an indication that the attention of the boys and girls on the farm is being directed in an entertaining way to the problems that confront the agriculturists.

As an important branch of this work, the seed distribution facilities provided by the schools' division of the agricultural and experimental union are deserving of attention. The union was originally established as a sort of bond between the Ontario agricultural college and its graduates. It arranged experiments to be carried out on the farms of the latter. Then its scope was enlarged to take in any farmers in the province who were willing to participate in the experiments. So popular has this extension work become that several thousand farmers in Ontario are now carrying on experiments each season under the direction of the Union.

The schools' division of the union aims to let the children on the farm have a share in this experimental work. This branch was started in 1909 and has been continued annually since then. The seeds are distributed through the schools and last year 250 of them all over the province took part. This means that not only schools having school gardens obtained the seeds, but other schools as well, so that the plan is calculated to spread the school-garden propaganda. Accompanying each particular packet of seed is a circular giving instructions and containing also a blank form to be filled in by the pupil with the results of his experiment.

So the rural school, from being a dingy, neglected building in a dusty, dishevelled yard, is being turned into a miniature agricultural college. The old standard subjects are not being neglected but they are being leavened with more entertaining studies about animals and plants and those natural things that belong to the life of the farm. Parents are being interested in the school work as never before and are themselves learning through their children. The children themselves are finding out that school is not such a dreary place after all and that even farm work has its fascinating side. In short the farmer's boy is being lured towards the rural life.

Little Emily was playing one morning with her dolls.

"Mother, I want some water in a bowl," she said; "I am going to christen my doll."

"I wouldn't do that, dear," replied the mother. "That would be trifling with a sacred subject."

"Well, then, give me some wax to waxcinate her with, mother," said the little girl. "She's old enough now to have something done to her."

Cherry Purcelle

Continued from page 245

between a hazel and a green, set wide apart under a Pallas Athene brow that might have been called serene, but for some spirit of rebellion vaguely refracted from the lower part of the face. The vividness of her color, which even the flaming sweep of her gown could not altogether discount, made me think of material buoyancies, of living flesh and blood and a body freshly bathed. Her gaze was direct, disconcertingly direct. It even made me question whether or not she was reading my thoughts as I noted that her hands were large and white, that her mouth, for all its brooding discontent, was not without humor, and, strangely enough, that her fingers, ears, and throat were without a touch of that jewelry which I had thought peculiar to her kind.

That she possessed some vague yet menacing gift of intimacy I could only too plainly feel, not so much from the undisturbed ease of her pose and the negligently open throat and arms as from the direct gaze of those searching and limpid eyes, which proclaimed that few of the poppied illusions of life could flower in their neighborhood. This discomforting sense of mental clarity, in fact, forced me into the consciousness not so much of being in the presence of a soft and luxurious body as of standing face to face with a spirit that in its own incongruous way was as austere as it was alert.

"You wish to see me?" she said, over her coffee-cup. My second quick glance showed me that she was eating a breakfast of iced grape-fruit and chops and scrambled eggs and buttered toast.

"Very much," I answered

"About what?" she inquired, breaking a square of toast.

"About the unfortunate position of a young gentleman who has just parted company with thirty thousand dollars!"

She bent her head, with its loose and heavy coils of dark hair, and glanced at my card before she spoke again

"And what could I possibly do for him

There was something neither soothing nor encouraging in her unruffled calmness. But I did not intend to be

[illegible]

[illegible]

I [illegible] more than active challenge in her glance as she turned and looked at me

"And I don't think I even know who you are," she murmured.

"But I happen to know who *you* are," was my prompt and none too gentle rejoinder

She pushed back her hair—it seemed very thick and heavy—and laughed a little

"Who am I?" she asked, licking the toast-crumbs from her white finger-tips

"I'll tell you who you are," I retorted with some heat. "You're a figure model that a sculptor named Delisle took to Paris. You're the running mate of Adams in the Southam heir case. You're the wife of a Haytian half-caste Jew with a Spanish title. You're the woman who worked with Andrus, the wild-cat mine-swindler, who is now doing time in Sing Sing And just at present you're the accomplice of a gang headed by a certain Coke Morgan, a wire-tapper well known to the police."

Her face showed no anger and no resentment as I unburdened myself of [illegible] eyes, in fact, became almost contemplative

"And supposing that's all true," she finally asked "What of it?

She sat and looked at me, as cool as

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a cucumber. I could no longer deny that as a type she interested me. Her untamed audacities were something new to my experience She seemed still in the feral state. Her mere presence, as she sat there in the lucid morning light, exerted over me that same spell which keeps children rooted before a circus-animal's cage

"What of it?" she quietly repeated.

"I'm afraid there's nothing of it," I admitted, "except in the one point where it impinges on my personal interests. I intend to get that thirty thousand dollars back

The resolution of my tone seemed only to amuse her

"But why come to me?" she asked, turning back to her breakfast. "Supposing I really was a cog in some such machinery as you speak of, how much would be left on one small cog when so many wheels had to be oiled?"

"I have no great interest in your gang and its methods. All I know is a tremendous wrong's been done, and I want to see it righted

"From what motive?" she asked, with that barbaric immediacy of approach peculiar to her

"From the most disinterested of motives—I mean from the standpoint of that rather uncommon thing known as common honesty.'

She looked at me, long and intently, before she spoke again. I had the feeling of being taken up and turned over and inspected through a lens of implacable clarity

"Do you know this young man who lost his money on what he took for a fixed race?"

"I have met him," I answered, a little discomfited at the recollection of how tenuous that acquaintanceship was

"And you have known him long?"

I was compelled to confess to the contrary

"And you understand the case, through and through?"

"I think I do," was my curt retort

She turned on me quickly, as though about to break into an answering flash of anger. But on second thoughts she remained silent.

"If life were only as simple as you sentimental charity-workers try to make it!" she complained, studying me with a pitying look which I began most keenly to resent. She swept the room with a glance of contempt. "If all those hay-tossers who come to this town and have their money taken away from them were only as lamb-like as you people imagine they are!"

"Is this an effort towards the justification of theft?" I inquired. For the first time I saw a touch of deeper color mark her cheek. I had been conscious of a certain quality in her mental equipment, just as I could detect a higher and lower plane in her manner of speech.

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"Not at all," she retorted "I'm not talking of theft. And we may as well keep to cases. I don't think very much is ever gained by being impolite, do you?"

I was compelled to agree with her, though I could not shake off the feeling that she had in some dim way scored against me. And this was the woman I had once feared would try to toy with my coat-buttons!

"I'm afraid," she went on with her grave abstraction of tone, "that you'll

find me very matter-of-fact. A woman can't see as much of the world as I have and then—oh, and then beat it back to the Elsie Books."

I resented the drop to the lower plane, as though she had concluded the upper one to be incomprehensible to me.

"Pardon me, madam; it's not my windmills I'm trying to be true to; it's one of my promises."

"The promise was a very foolish one," she mildly protested. "Yet for all that," she added, as in afterthought, "you're intelligent. And I like intelligence."

Still again her deep and searching eyes rested on my face. Her next words seemed more a soliloquy than a speech.

"Yet you *are* doing this just to be true to your windmills. You're doing it out of nothing more than blind and Quixotic generosity."

The fact that my allusion had not been lost on her pleased me a little more, I think, than did her stare of perplexed commiseration.

"Isn't it odd," she said, "how we go wrong about things, how we jump at conclusions and misjudge people? You think, at this very moment, that I'm the one who sees crooked, that I'm the one who's lost my perspective on things. And now I'm going to do something I hadn't the remotest intention of doing when you came into this room."

"And what is that?"

"I'm going to show you how wrong you've been, how wrong you are."

"In what?" I inquired as she again sat in silence before me.

"In everything," she finally answered, as she rose to her feet. I was at once more conscious of her physical appeal, of her inalienable bodily buoyancy, as I saw her standing there at her full height. The deep flow of color in her loosely draped gown gave her an almost pontifical stateliness. Instinctively I rose as she did. And I could see by her eyes that the courtesy was neither negligible nor distasteful to her. She was about to say something; then she stopped and looked at me for a hesitating moment or two.

One would have thought, from the solemnity of that stare, that she faced the very Rubicon of her life. But a moment later she laughed aloud, and with a soft rustling of skirts crossed the room and opened an inner door.

Through this door, for a moment or two, she completely left my sight. Then she returned, holding a cabinet photograph in her hand.

"Do you know it?" she quietly asked as she passed it over to me.

It took but a glance to show me that it was a picture of the man whose cause I was at that moment espousing, the man I had followed from the pier-end the night before. A second glance showed me that the photograph had been taken in London: it bore the stamped inscription, "Garet Childs, Regent's Park, N. W."

The woman's sustained attitude of anticipation, of expectation unfulfilled, puzzled me. I saw nothing remarkable about the picture, or her possession of it.

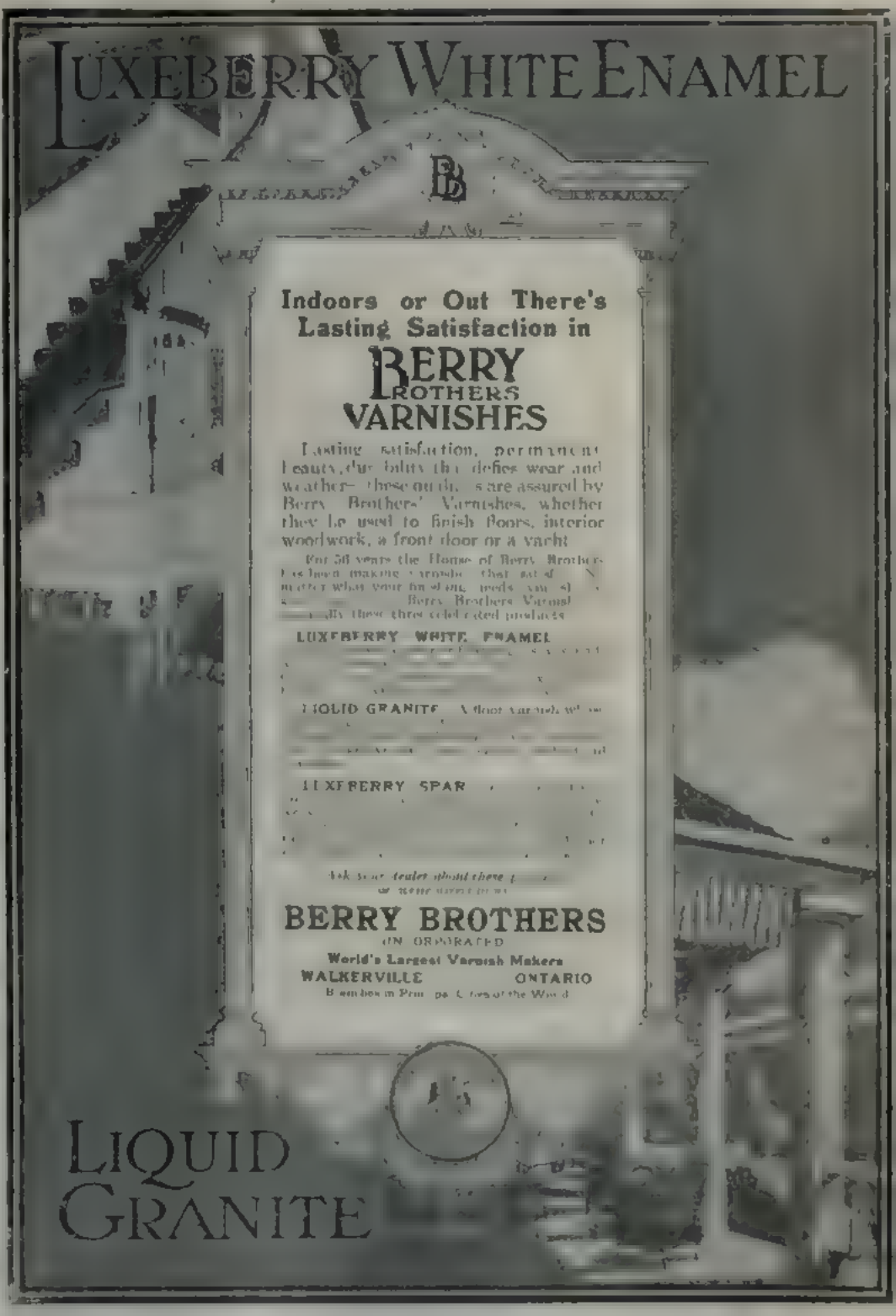
"This, I believe, is the man you're trying to save from the clutches of a wire-tapper named Morgan, or Coke Morgan, as you call him?"

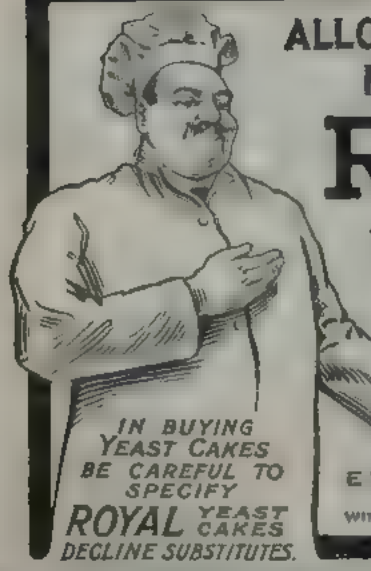
I acknowledged that it was.

"Now look at the signature written across it," she prompted.

I did as she suggested. Inscribed there I read: "Sincerely and more Duncan Cory Morgan."

"Have I now made the situation comparatively clear to you?" she asked, watching my face as I looked





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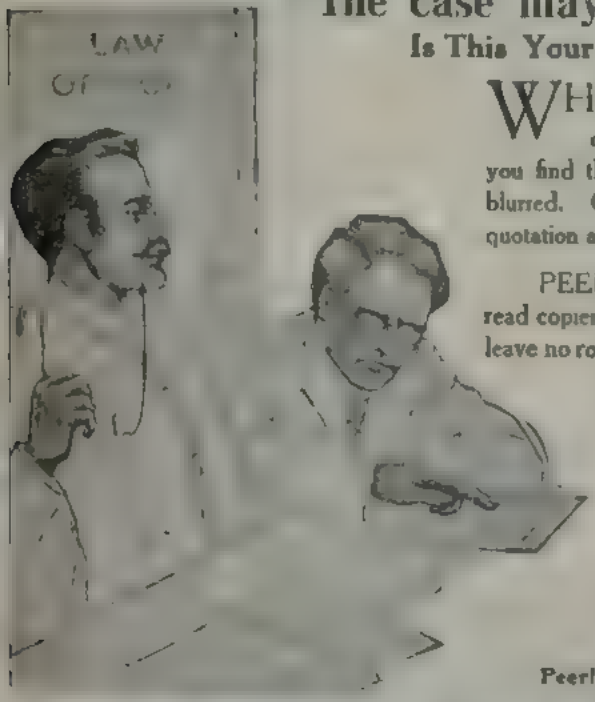

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from her to the photograph and than back at her again

"I must confess I don't quite grasp it," I admitted, thinking at the moment how her face in the strong side-light from the windows had taken on a quite accidental touch of pathos

"It's simply that the man you are trying to save from Coke Morgan is *Coke Morgan himself*

That's impossible!" was my exclamation

"It's not impossible," she said a little wearily, "because the whole thing's nothing more than a plant, a frame-up. And you may as well know it. It can't go on. The whole thing was a plan to trap you.'

A plan to trap me?"

"Yes, a carefully worked out plan to gather you in. And now, you see, the machinery is slipping a cog where it wasn't expected to!'

I stood there incredulous dazed, trying to digest the shock

"You mean that the man I met and talked to last night is actually an accomplice of yours?

Yes," she answered, if you care to put it that way."

"But I can't believe it. I *won't* believe it, until you bring him here and prove it."

She sank into her chair, with a half listless motion for me to be seated

'Do you know why he's called Coke Morgan?" she demanded

I did not

"That, too, you've got to know It's because he's a cocaine-fiend. He killing himself with the use of drugs He's making everything impossible It's left him irresponsible, as dangerous as any lunatic would be at large."

She turned and looked at a tiny jewelled watch

'He will be here himself by ten o'clock. And if he heard me saying what I am at this moment he would kill me as calmly as he'd sit at a cafe table and lie to you

But what's the good of those lies

"Don't you suppose he knew you were Witter Kerfoot, that among other things you owned a yacht, that you were worth making a try for? Don't you suppose he found all that out before he laid his ropes for this wire tapping story? Can't you see the part *I* was to play, to follow his lead and show you how we could never wring his money back, but that we could face the gang with their own hre I was to weaken and show you how we could tap the tapper's own wire, choose the race that promised the best odds and induce you to plunge against the house on what seemed a sure thing

"But why are you telling me all this?" I still parried, pushing back from the flattering consciousness that we had a secret in common, that I had proved worthy an intimacy denied others.

"Because I've just decided it's the easiest way out for me."

"What made you decide that?"

"I've done a lot of thinking since you came into this room. And for a long time I've been doing a lot of thinking. I don't do things Coke Morgan's way. I took pity on him once. But I'm getting tired of trying to keep him up when he insists on dropping lower, lower and lower every day. Don't imagine, because you've got certain ideas of me and my life, that I haven't common sense, that I can't see what this other sort of thing leads to! I've seen too many of them, and how they all ended. I may have been mixed up with some strange company in my day, but I want you to know that I've kept my hands clean!"

She had risen by this time and was moving restlessly about the room.

"Do you suppose I'd ever be satisfied to be one of those painted dolls and let my brain dry up like a lemon on a pantry shelf?" I couldn't if I wanted to. I couldn't, although I can see how easy it makes everything. I tell you, a woman with a reputation like mine has got to pay, and keep on paying. She's got to pay twice over for the decencies of life. She's got to pay twice over for protection. Unless you're respectable you can't have respectable people about you. You've got to watch every one in your circle, watch them always, like a hawk. You've got to watch every step you take, and every man you meet— and sometimes you get tired of it all."

She sat down, in the midst of her febrile torrent of words, and looked at me out of clouded and questioning eyes. I knew, as I met that troubled gaze, so touched with weariness and rebellion, that she was speaking the truth. I could see truth written on her face. I tried to imagine myself in her place, I tried to see life as she had seen it during those past years, which no charity could translate into anything approaching the beautiful. And much as I might have wished it, I could utter no emptiest phrase of consolation. Our worlds seemed too hopelessly wide apart for any common viewpoint.

"What are you going to do?" I asked, humiliated by the inadequacy of the question even as I uttered it.

"I'm going to get away from it. I'm going to get away where I can breathe in peace. Oh, believe me, I can be irreproachable without even an effort. I want to be. I prefer it. I've found how much easier it makes life. It's not my past I've been afraid of. It's that one drug-soaked maniac, that poor helpless thing who knows that if I step away from him he daren't round a street-corner without being arrested."

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She stopped suddenly and the color ebbed out of her face. Then I saw her slowly rise to her feet and look undecidedly about the four corners of the room. Then she turned to me. Her eyes seemed ridiculously terrified.

"He's come!" she said, in little more than a whisper. "He's here now!"

The door opened before I could speak. But even before the mummy-faced man I had left at the cafe-table the night before could stride into the room, the woman in front of me sank back into her chair. Over her face came a change, a veil, a quickly coerced and smiling-lipped blankness that reminded me of a pastoral stage-drop shutting out some grim and moving tragedy

The change in the bearing and attitude of the intruder was equally prompt as his startled eyes fell on me calmly seated within those four walls. He was not as quick as the woman in catching his cue. I could plainly detect the interrogative look he flashed at her, the look which demanded as plain as

Continued on page 273

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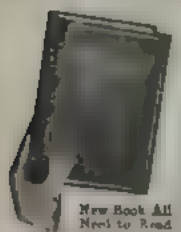

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This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

Come where the rains have glazed the snow
And clothed the trees with ice,
While the slant sun of February pours
Into the bowers a flood of light.

FEBRUARY is the most unpopular month of all the year. "Filldyke" is its traditional sobriquet, and it is supposed to be so particularly perilous that it has been dubbed the "death month" of the year. People are more likely to die from various complaints in this month than any other. Altogether poor February is characterized by popular opinion as a gloomy and cheerless month, actively so, if gloom can be active—not passively sad like November.

To all of which gossip the Pedlar fillips his fingers.

There is an English lane that we remember down Surrey way where long ago we used to find February's shy charms. You know how gently Spring makes her first timid approaches. There are little murmurings and stirrings among the trees and grasses; there is the water-gossip of the rivulets, and the loud clatter of the rain beating on roof and pane. Despite it, and the mud which lies deep in the hollows, something calls one to the outside world, the quiet wonderful world of field and lane and woodland. Already the partridges are pairing—or rather taking a preliminary canter across the field of love. They are "engaged" and enjoying the delightful privileges of that ecstatic state. Another early pair is the starlings, who sit on the topmost twig of some convenient elm, as yet with no greenery on its branches, singing to each other, trying with utmost effort to drown the low cooing of the ring doves who,—

Within the yet unmantled grove
Recite their vows of faithful love

In the thorn bush the thrush is already laying her blue eggs, for her twig and moss-woven nest is one of the first of the year, as also is that of the blackbird. And, in the woodland that lies beyond my lane, the missel thrush is singing loud and clear like our robin before the rain, and the rooks are calling and croaking and exploring the great trees. For a month or so yet we in Canada will not hear the joyous carol of the robin, nor shall we see such flowerets as I shall find for you presently in the sheltered English lane.

Look under the hedge and you will see the speedwell trying to hide her "ber-gown of misty blue." In the hedgerow the hazel bushes are putting out their little crimson-tufted buds, and, sheltered by the spreading roots of the great elm, the first faint violet is trembling in the wind. The bolder primrose seeks the shifty February sun with his yellow orb and eyes his rival, the golden coltsfoot, as any gallant flower may do a mere weed. Perhaps, if you are lucky, you may find that most exquisite and fragile of all flowers, the snowdrop, shaking her little trembling bell in the copse corner—an "icicle turned into a flower", and then, indeed, we will say "A fig for April and Master Browning with his song of Spring in England!" for Spring is here with the thrush singing in the orchard, and the primroses and snowdrops decorating the brow of sixteen-year-old Mother Earth.

FEBRUARY IN CANADA

BUT Canada is not without February charms. Although this is frequently the coldest of our months, the signs of spring are not wanting. Those birds which have stayed out the weather, who enjoy the sharp, bracing air of our climate, are now beginning to murmur their courting songs. The Canada jay, or whisky jack, a curious bundle of dark gray feathers with

black pipings, even nests at this unseasonable time, but his nest is either very hard to find, or the woods are so impassable that few go to look for it. Certain it is that these nests and eggs are very rare though the birds about the lumber camps are numerous and as free and easy with humans as jackdaws. The owls and ravens are stirring, and as the former are after dissipating rabbits, and the latter are few and far between, their courting takes place deep in the silent swamp where the pines, hemlock and spruce give them leafy protection. Towards the middle and end of February, Redruff and Bob-White must be careful to see that the barometer is going up and that dry weather may be expected, for the soft snow in which they make their igloos might become iced, and then will come death either by starvation or from the wily fox who breaks the shell and takes the chick out to make a dainty meal. The snow birds pay us a fleeting visit, coming in large flocks, and followed by the shore lark with his small horns, like a miniature owl, black throat markings, and brownish body. The days will soon now be warm enough to "thaw in the sun—yet freeze in the shade." The little larks come first in small detachments and peck up a living along the roads, flying thence into the fields where their ally the wind has stripped the snow, leaving the earth and seed bearing weeds bare for their provender. The chickadee in the deep tangle of the hemlock swamp will soon be looking for a forsaken woodpecker's nest to pre-empt in which to raise her small brood of friendly chatterers.

The impudent bluejay, the peacock of our woods, with his blatant and arrogant cry, sometimes mistaken for the cry of the hawk, is preening himself and shouting defiance to the cold, and welcome to spring, all in one breath.

February may be the coldest as it is the shortest month in the year, but it is the dark hour which precedes the gentle dawn of spring and the rosy noon of summer.

CANDLEMAS

WOE betide that house in which Christmas decorations are found after Candlemas Day! We once knew an old housewife who forgot one sprig of holly which was set above a picture, until after the Feast of the Candles. It wrought so much upon her mind that she died of it a month later, thus fulfilling the ancient prophesy that,

She who stores the Christmas cheer
To use again another year
When Christmas comes 'twill find her laid
Within a strait and narrow bed.

Not so the Yule log which is merely extinguished, for as Herrick says,—

Part must be kept wherewith to teend
The Christmas log next year:

It Pays to Get Real Tested Seeds

For every cent you spend for seeds this spring you expect to reap dollars next fall.

If those fail you, you lose not only the cents you pay for them but the dollars you should get in crops. You lose the labor, time and use of land in which you plant them.

That's why it is so important to get seeds that are tested and proven.

Carters Tested Seeds are really tested by actual growing on the famous trial and testing grounds of James Carter & Co. at Raynes Park, London, England. They are tested for purity, germination, quality and production. At the same time other brands are tested alongside them to make certain that Carters are superior.

Carters Tested Seeds have made a big success in Canada because they have given most profitable results. They are *your best seed investment.*

Write to-day for a copy of the new Carter Catalog of flowers and vegetables with all prices in American currency.

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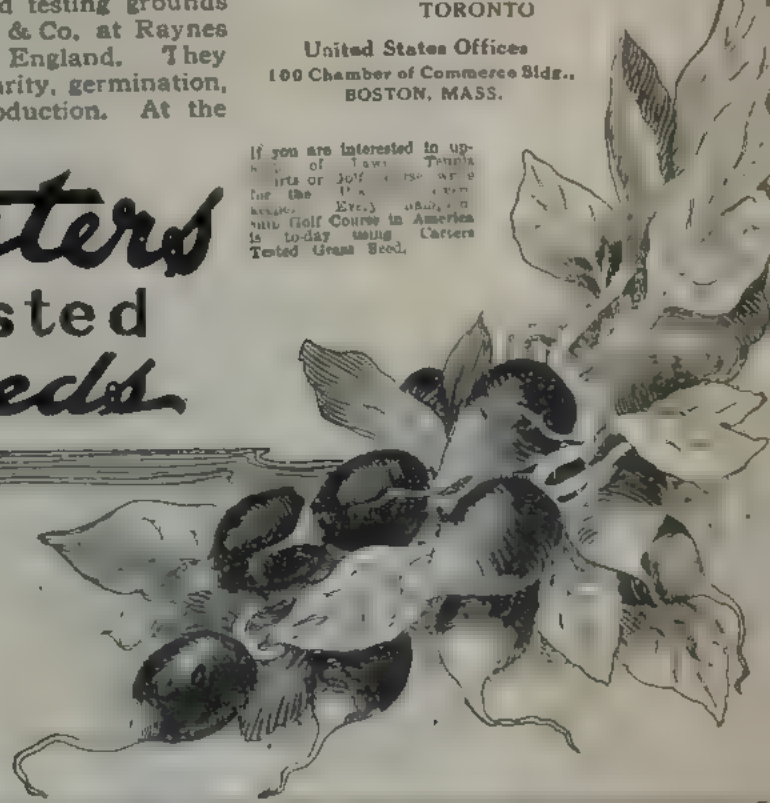
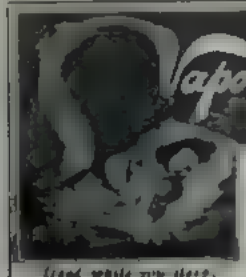
BOSTON, MASS.

If you are interested in up-to-date [illegible] of Tennis Courts or Golf [illegible] for the [illegible] Eve[illegible] with Golf Course in America is to-day using Carters Tested Grass Seed.

Carters Tested Seeds





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for Whooping Cough and Spasmodic Croup, Asthma, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis; Colds Catarrah

A simple, safe and effective treatment, avoiding drugs

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We have an exceptionally attractive proposition to offer enterprising men selling Cadillac Vacuum Cleaners. Address

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"More Sonnets of an Office Boy"

By SAMUEL E. KISER

Price - - 75 Cents

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Give him BOVRIL

Bovril is a combination of the stimulating extractives with the nourishing and strengthening constituents of beef. It is a wonderfully warming winter beverage. It builds up the weak constitution and strengthens the strong one; it guards against colds, chills and influenza

Directions on every bottle.

Hobbs Gold Medal DEPOSIT VAULTS

For Doctors, Dentists, Lawyers, Official, Professional, Business or Home Use

WARRANTED FIREPROOF

Fitted with Unpickable Combination Locks

Absolute Safety for Cash, Documents, Personal Jewellery, Silverware, etc.

Special Fittings for Letter Filing, Coin or Stamp Collections, Books, Instruments, etc.

Prices from $10 to $200, quoted delivered at any railway depot. State your requirements that we may send lists and prices.

THE HOBBS HARDWARE CO., LTD.

LONDON - - - - CANADA.

And where 'tis safely kept, the Fiend
Can do no mischief there!

Who invented Candlemas? Saint Bernard says that it has been handed down to us direct from the Presentation of Our Lord in the Temple, when Joseph, Simeon and Anna the Prophetess, are said to have walked in procession round the holy building at Jerusalem, carrying lighted candles to signify that the promised "Light to lighten the Gentiles" had at length appeared, but with all due respect to the good Saint, we believe that the Lupercalia processions in honour of Ceres, Pluto, and Proserpine in the growing month of February had more to do with the custom of the holy candles. We have no less an authority than an early Pope Innocent for this, for he wrote that the Holy Fathers, not being able to extirpate this heathen custom, ordained that Christians should carry candles in honour of Mary the Virgin instead of Ceres the pagan goddess of corn and of harvests.

Candlemas, however, is especially the feast of the weather. Spring is supposed to be inaugurated by the twelfth of February. If the second of the month, which is Candlemas Day, be "clear and sunny it portends hard weather; if cloudy and lowering, a mild and gentle season." The superstitious desire foul weather—this in an effort to hoodwink malign influences and induce the Fiend, who is very active and very malicious in February —to give them fine days, (he being delighted to give anyone the very opposite of his real desires).

Have we not in Canada a little superstition of our own in regard to the bear and his shadow?

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES

LAST month "The Watchers of the Night" dwelt on the end of the age, naming it, according to corrected chronology, this year of grace 1914. They now come to the Signs of the Times as revealed in Holy Scripture. These questions and arguments are, if not convincing, of the deepest interest; too interesting indeed, to be lightly passed over or set aside under the heading of religious mania. They are not presented as "articles of faith," but as curious analogies of Holy Writ.

One of the leading signs is to be found in II. Timothy iii. 1-7, which should be plain enough for anyone to see who recognizes existing social conditions. Another sign is in Nahum ii. 3-4. Here we find a vivid description of the "motors" (chariots) that are rushing about the streets, especially in view of the fact that the prophets of old as a rule saw in vision what they were called upon to prophesy. The churches claim they must evangelize and win the world for Christ before

Gets All the Dust From Everywhere

Not a particle of dust escapes to mix with the air. That's what comes of using an

O-Cedar Mop
Polish

When washed it can be treated with O-Cedar Polish and it is again ready for use. No more back ache or housemaid's knees if you have one of these mops.

—From your dealer or sent express paid anywhere in [illegible] Monthly

Channell Chemical Co.
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369 Sorauren Ave., Toronto, Can.

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$10,000
IN CASH PRIZES
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FIRST PRIZE $3000 IN GOLD

This is just a plain business proposition to advertise Hamilton's new high class residential district, and is open to every person in Canada. There is no catch or fake about it, and everybody stands an equal chance of securing one of the magnificent prizes. Write today and start on the road to fortune.

ENCLOSE STAMP AND FULL PARTICULARS WILL BE MAILED YOU

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overcome positively. Our natural methods permanently restore natural speech. Graduate pupils everywhere. Write for free advice and literature

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE, BERLIN, CAN.

He can come, but we are told that "as it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be in the days of the coming of the Son of Man," et seq.

Now Noah preached the Flood for 100 years, and yet only his own family believed that it was coming. So only those who are looking for the coming of Our Lord, will recognize the Signs of the Times. The average Bible student will admit that Christ will come some day, but not in our time. But if the world will be going on its accustomed way, and people will be living, why should it not be in our day?

Read again Hebrews xi. where is recounted all the Old Testament worthies who "died in faith not having received the promises, God having provided some better thing for us that they without us should not be made perfect." Is not the "better thing for us" immortality, which is the prize of the high calling in Christ, which comes only to those who have faith in the Atonement which was for the whole world, to buy back for the world what Adam lost—a perfect human life. The resurrection from the dead, will it not be back to this earth in order that the promises to the Fathers, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Isaac, et al. may be fulfilled? "And were not the promises [that] through Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and their seed all families of the earth should be blessed and Israel should inhabit the Promised Land, and the Law should go to them from Zion and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem?" Moreover, the resurrection of the dead to the earth seems to have been plainly stated by God to Ezekiel in his vision of dry bones, that wondrous story in Chapter xxxvii. But of this more, perhaps, anon.

OTHER SIGNS

WHEN one talks nowadays of the near approach of the Lord's coming to reign over the earth, we are confronted by Bible readers with Math. xxiv. 36, and warned that "of that day and hour no man knoweth." This was absolutely true when spoken, but it was not said that at no time would it be known; II. Peter, iii. 3-4 says there will be scoffers in the last day saying "where is the promise of His coming?"—and Paul, in his Epistle to the Hebrews, x. 25 exhorts the faithful as to their conduct "when ye see the day approaching"—thus clearly indicating that some would know beforehand when to look for it. Daniel xii. 1-4 prophesies the time of trouble preceding the Coming, and in verse 4 is told to seal up the prophecy "until the time of the end." This is repeated in verse 9, while in 10, we are told that "none of the wicked shall understand, but the wise shall understand." This again clearly pointing out that some would be enlightened at the time of the end.

We are celebrating in England, Canada and the United States 100 years of peace among the English speaking races. The Peace tribunal is opened at the Hague—yet what do we see? England increasing her navy to keep ahead of all nations, and Canada clamouring for a contribution to help that end

(continued on page 272)

Add to your reputation as a cook—

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE is granulated, dissolves immediately, molds quickly, makes four (4) pints of jelly and is guaranteed. The housewife who uses

KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE

soon gains an enviable reputation for her table. She uses it for

Desserts Jellies Puddings
Ice Creams Sherbets Salads
Mayonnaise Salad Dressing
Candies

Serve this New Ivory Jelly

Soften one envelope of Knox Sparkling Gelatine in [illegible] of vanilla and turn into a mold. Serve with currant or other jelly, with cream and sugar, or a boiled custard. When desired, candied fruits or nuts may be added. The dish may be flavored to suit the taste.

Our Illustrated Book of Recipes FREE for your grocer's name. PINT SAMPLE for two-cent stamp and grocer's name.

CHARLES B. KNOX CO.
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Branch Factory—Montreal, Canada.

HUDSON Six-40

Now a Light-Weight Six

Lighter than equal-powered cars—Lower operative cost—With a streamline body of the most distinguished type—And sold for $2,250—Opening the way for legions to own Sixes.

NOW comes the best news that was ever announced by Hudson engineers.

A high-grade Six, with all the latest equipment, brought down to $2,250.

A six-passenger Six which weighs 2,980 pounds—400 pounds less than the Hudson "37," which was a five-passenger Four.

A six which is larger, both in power and capacity, than the Hudson "37." Yet the operative cost is one-fourth less.

For $2,250 you can now obtain a Six which costs less to operate, which weighs less, and which undersells cars of any type of the same size, class and power. Think what it means to obtain a Six that offers the advantages which are exclusive with Sixes, and at a price below that at which comparable cars are sold

In all our comparisons, no equal-powered car has shown anywhere near so low a fuel consumption.

And, with all this, a beautiful car—a streamline body—the very latest equipment. Up to six months ago, no car at any price, offered so many attractions.

In this new Six-40, with its matchless economy, Howard E. Coffin has solved the last question on Sixes

There were only three points which deterred men from Sixes—weight, price and operative cost.

Here, now, is a weight which marks a new record for cars of this size and power. Here is a price below comparable cars of any type And here is operative cost which fairly compares with even four-cylinder "Forties."

This brings to the Six, with all its unquestioned superiorities, the only three advantages it lacked.

This car will extend the reign of Sixes over an enormous new section of Motordom.

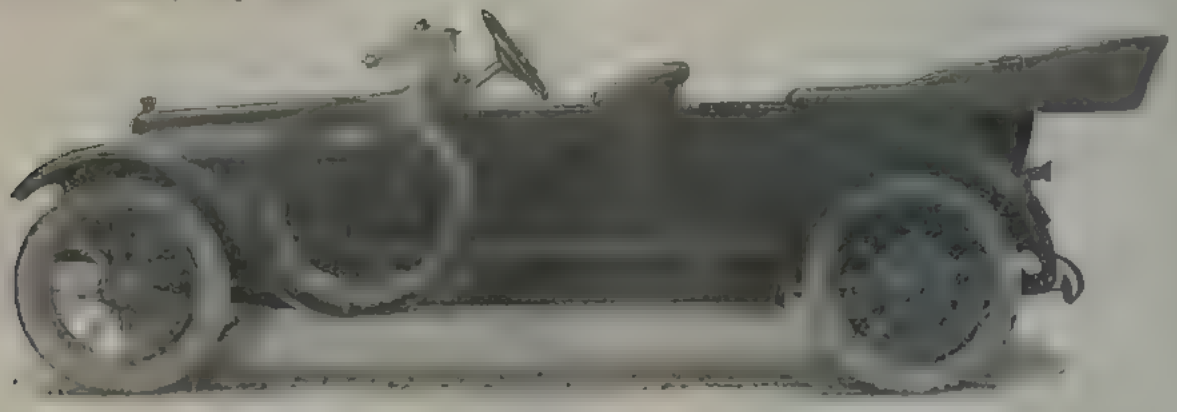
In the hige-priced field Sixes long have held sway. Last year—with the advent of the Hudson Six-54—Sixes captured the field.

Now comes a Six for men who wish to pay $2,500 or under for a quality car. Men who want light weight, modest size and power. Men who want low upkeep and low operative cost. And who wish to minimize depreciation

Every year tens of thousands of men buy cars of this class. And Sixes heretofore have been barred to them.

HUDSON Six-40—$2,250

(F. O. B. Detroit, Duty Paid)



Wheelbase, 123 inches
Seats from 4 to 7 passengers.
Weight, 2,980 lbs
Cylinders, 3½-in. bore, 5 in. stroke.
Tires 34 in. x 4 in. Demountable rims with extra rim Will equip with wire wheels, with extra wheel, for $75 extra.
Left-side drive.
Delco patented system of electric lighting and starting.
Gasoline tank in cowl dash, all instruments and gauges within reach of driver
Extra tires carried on running-board, ahead of the front door.
Entrance to front seat from either side
"One-Man" top of genuine Pantasote. A girl can easily raise and lower the top without stepping out of the car
Quick-adjustable side curtains, enveloped in the top. Passengers can adjust them in a moment from their seats
Two disappearing tonneau seats—attached—which fold into back of the front seat
11-in. electric parabolic headlights with special dimming attachment.
Electric tail light, dash light and portable inspection light.
Integral windshield, rain-vision and ventilating
Speedometer sunk in cowl apron, driven by noiseless concealed gears within the wheel spindle
Electric horn. License carriers. Tire or wheel holders.
Hand-buffed leather upholstering.
Trunk Rack
All tools complete.
Price, $2,250 F. O B. Detroit, Duty Paid.

HUDSON Six-40

A Quality Six at $2250

No longer need Sixes be considered too costly. We consider this Hudson Six-40 surpasses in richness of finish and mechanical detail any car of similar size or price.

THIS Hudson Six-40 is the latest achievement of Howard E. Coffin and his able engineers. It marks a new era in Sixes. And in just the same way as Mr. Coffin, years ago, marked a new era in Fours.

It was he who built the first high-grade Four to sell under $3,000. That was when buyers of modest-priced cars had to be content with two cylinders.

Later he built the first high-grade Four to sell under $2,000. That car marked the end of two cylinders.

Four years after he built the Hudson Six-54—the first quality Six to sell under $3,500. And now he offers the first Hudson-grade Six to be sold under $2,500.

So this is the climax of many steps toward lower price and lower upkeep cost. And toward bringing the best in type and class within the reach of many.

How He Did It

There have, up to now, been some drawbacks in Sixes. In some ways they were costly. So this luxury of motion was confined to men who could afford it.

Mr. Coffin, in part, has followed the latest European practice. He employs the small bore and long stroke. There are several reasons why this results in great economy of power.

He has accomplished lightness without sacrificing strength, so the power has less weight to carry. He has ended vibration at any speed, and vibration means wasted power.

The smooth-running Six has always cut down upkeep. It has lessened depreciation. Its continuous power has minimized the tire cost.

Now comes a saving in weight and a saving in fuel, to give to the Six an unquestioned economy.

Even in Europe, where fuel economy is the paramount question, this new-type Six is this year acclaimed as the coming type of car. Its record in the last Grand Prix race, with a fuel limit, brought this change about.

New Ideals in Beauty

To all this we have added a beautiful car, with the same streamline body as came out this season in the Hudson Six-54. And these cars, we think, must be regarded as the handsomest in America.

Like all the best European makers, we have done away with that awkward, inartistic angle at the dash.

The Six-40 is better finished and better equipped than any previous Hudson, save our new Six-54. Every detail, small and large, accords with the costly-car standards.

Note the specifications, the entirely-new features. The "One-Man" top, the quick-adjustable side curtains. The disappearing tonneau seats. All hinges are concealed.

Note the weight distribution. The gasoline tank is in the dash. Extra tires are carried ahead of the front door, yet the door swings wide.

All these things typify accepted world standards, carried out to their final perfection.

Also the New HUDSON Six-54

We have also brought out for this season a new Hudson Six-54. A seven-passenger car with 135-inch wheelbase—with tires 36 x 4½.

In body design, equipment, etc., the car is quite similar to this Six-40. It is for men who want a big, powerful car.

Last year the Hudson Six-54 was the most popular Six on the market. It proved that the utmost in a Six could be sold at a modest price.

This year there are many improvements, including this streamline body. Yet the price is reduced to $2,950 duty paid f. o. b. Detroit.

Thus we now meet, in a masterly way, every need in a Six. The Hudson Six-40 for the man who wants lightness, economy and modest size and power. The Hudson Six-54 for the man who wants more of size and room and power. And both offer you a new ideal of a distinguished car. We consider them, by long odds, the handsomest cars of the year.

Then the car is right in size and weight and power. It marks the fruition of a long-time trend toward moderation, ease of control and economy.

Go Ride In It

Perhaps there are some who, despite these economies, are not yet converted to Sixes.

We ask that such people go ride in this car. Our local dealer will take you.

Note the smoothness of continuous power and overlapping strokes. Note the flexibility, the quick acceleration. Note the total lack of vibration. Note how slowly you can go, how quickly pick up, and what grades you can climb without changing from high gear.

Then think that this car costs less, weighs less, uses less fuel, and costs less for upkeep than many a car which lacks these advantages.

One ride will convert you. No man or woman can ride in this car without wanting to own a Six.

Then you will realize what Mr. Coffin has done in making the Six economical.

Hudson dealers everywhere now have this Six-40 on show. Ask us for Howard E. Coffin's book, reviewing all the 1914 motor car improvements.

The Cabriolet—a New-Type Roadster on the Six-40 Chassis. A sheltered car for winter or summer—completely enclosed. Better than a coupe, because the top can be quickly put down, thus becoming an open roadster. Price, $2,375.

A Standard Roadster of the most attractive type. $2,250

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 7788 JEFFERSON AVENUE, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Oliver Plows

OLIVER Plows for Eastern Canada stand in a class by themselves as satisfaction givers.

The Oliver plow line includes walking plows, three-wheel sulkies, walking gangs, hill-side plows, high and low lift gangs, and riding cultivators. There are plows in the line which are specially adapted for most Eastern Canadian conditions. Among these are the Oliver 1-C sulky and 1-C gang. In both these plows most of the weight of the plow is carried on the two furrow wheels which, of course, ride on a smooth surface all the time. There is a spring on the land wheel, which in connection with the two bails on which the plow is hung, insures an even depth of plowing.

You can see any plow in the Oliver line at the place of business of the I H C local agent. If you will tell him what kind of plowing you want to do, he can show you an Oliver plow that will do your work best. See him for catalogues and full information, or write the nearest branch house.

International Harvester Company of Canada, Ltd.

BRANCH HOUSES

At Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Estevan, Hamilton, Lethbridge, London, Montreal, Moose Jaw, Ottawa, Quebec, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Winnipeg, Yorkton

20 Years' Reputation Back of

Blue Ribbon Tea

That means high quality all the time and explains why the demand keeps on increasing. YOU try it.

Send this advertisement with 25 cents to Blue Ribbon Limited, Winnipeg, for the Blue Ribbon Cook Book. Write name and address plainly.

The Pedlar's Pack

Continued from page 269

in case she may need protection for her own coasts. The United States preparing to put ten times her [illegible] standing army into Mexico—to bring peace? And what of the prophecy that when "they shall cry peace and safety, sudden destruction shall come upon them."

Nor are the signs of the times lacking in regard to women. He who runs may read them in Isaiah iii: 16-26 which describes how they shall be conducting themselves in the last days and what will be taken away from them. The hobble-skirt forces them to "go mincing on their way," the bared throats show the "stretched-forth neck," and it is a rare thing to see a girl in any walk of life when on the street, without chains and bracelets and rings and earrings—either rich and costly or cheap and tawdry. But, lest we weary you, we shall put the rest of our scrip and note-books back into our Pack to serve as wares for another day.

BRAINS OR BEAUTY

SUPPOSE a fairy came to you with the query—"Will you have brains or beauty: Both you may not have?" What would your answer be? Evelyn Nesbit Thaw says that beauty gives a woman greater power than brains, and that sooner than be born plain, she would rather not be born at all. This young woman apparently has few regrets [illegible] for that which brought about her calamity. "I enjoyed every moment of my life, the [illegible] all the parties the chorus life the admiration the pretty dresses the rich [illegible] and suppers." Above all she enjoyed her beauty. Did the good fairy ask Evelyn to make a choice between intelligence and good looks we know what sort of a choice she would make.

Unquestionably beauty in woman is her greatest power. To be merely man is nothing; to be a woman is something. To be a pretty woman is to be a social factor; to be a beautiful woman is to be a veritable force; to add commanding intellect to great beauty is to be Aspasia, Theodora, Cleopatra—women who have played with the societies in which their lot was cast as a child marshals a regiment of tin soldiers. It is but rarely that Nature gives to a woman both of two such enormous forces as brains and beauty. She has been much more generous in these respects to certain of her masculine favorites. We will come back to that sometime.

ONLY SKIN DEEP—BUT—

THE old adage—which plain women are fond of repeating—has it that

Continued on page 290.

Cherry Purcell

Continued from page 265.

words: "What is this man doing here?"

"This, said the woman at the table, in her most dulcet and equable tones, "is the altruistic gentleman who objects to your losing thirty thousand dollars in a race which I had no earthly way of controlling."

Here, I saw, was histrionism without a flaw. Her fellow-actor, I could see, was taking more time to adjust himself to his role. He was less finished in his assumption of accusatory indignation. But he did his best to rise to the occasion.

"I've got to get that money back," he cried, leveling a shaking finger at her. "And I'm going to do it without dragging my friends into it!"

She walked over to the windows and closed them before she spoke.

"What's the use of going over all that?" she continued, and I had the impression of sitting before a row of foot-lights and watching an acted drama. "You took your risk and lost. I didn't get it. It's not my fault. You know as well as I do that McGowan and Noyes will never open up unless you're in a position to make them. It's a case of dog eat dog, of fighting fire with fire. And I've just been telling it all to your friend, Mr. Kerfoot, who seems to think he's going to have some one arrested if we don't suddenly do the right thing."

"I want my money!" cried the man named Morgan. I could see, even as he delivered his lines, that his mind was floundering and groping about for solid ground.

"And Mr. Kerfoot," continued the tranquil-voiced woman at the table, "says he has a yacht named *The Naulakka* which, we can go aboard and have a conference. I've 'phoned for a telegraph operator called Downey to be there, so we can decide on a plan for tapping McGowan's wire."

"And what good does that do me?" demanded the mummy-faced youth.

"Why, that gives Mr. Kerfoot his chance to bet as much as he likes, to get as much back from McGowan as he wants to, without any risk of losing."

"But who handles the money?" demanded the wary Morgan.

"That's quite immaterial. *You* can, if you're his friend, or he can handle it himself. The important thing is to get your plan settled and your wire tapped. And if Mr. Kerfoot will be so good as to telephone for the launch I'll dress and be ready in ten minutes."

She leaned forward and swung an equipoise 'phone-bracket round to my elbow.

But I did not lift the receiver from its hook. For at that moment the door

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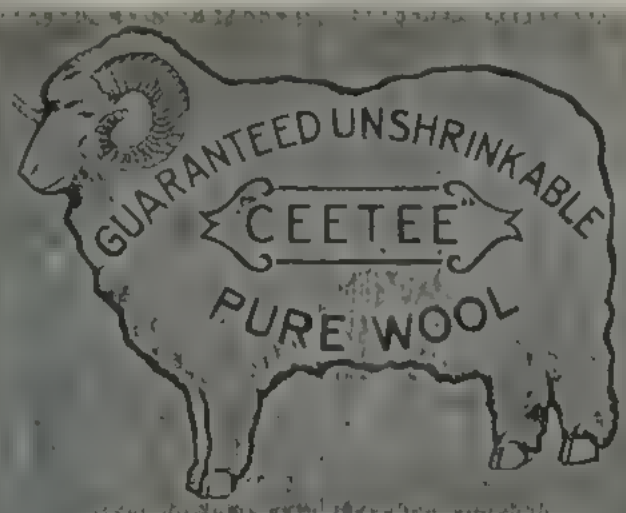

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abruptly opened. The maid in the white cap and apron stood trembling on its threshold.

"That's a lie!" she was crying, in her shrill and sudden abandon, and the twin badges of servitude made doubly incongruous her attitude of fierce revolt. "It's a lie, Tony! She's welched on you!"

She took three quick steps into the room

"She's only playing you against this guy. I've heard every word of it. She never 'phoned for an operator. That's a lie. She's throwing you down, for good. She's told him who you are and what your game is!"

I looked at the other woman. She was now on her feet.

"Don't let her fool you this time, Tony," was the passionate cry from the quivering breast under the incongruous white apron-straps. "Look at how she's treated you! Look at your picture there, that she cinched her talk with! She never did *half* what I did for you! And now you're letting her throw you flat! You're standing there and letting——"

The woman stopped, and put her hands over her ears. For she saw, even as I did the hollow-eyed, mummy-faced youth reach a shaking hand back to his hip.

"You liar!" he said, as his hand swung up with the revolver shaking in it. "You lying welcher!" he cried, in a thin and throaty voice that was little more than a cackle.

He took one step toward the woman in the rose-colored dressing-gown. She was, I could see, much the taller of the two. And she was standing, now, with her back flat against the wall. She made no attempt to escape. She was still staring at him out of wide and bewildered eyes when he fired.

I saw the spit of the plaster and the little shower of mortar that rained on her bare shoulder from the bullet-hole in the wall.

Then I did a very ordinary and common-place thing. I stooped quickly forward to the end of the table and caught up the nickeled coffee-pot by its ebony handle. The lunatic with the smoking revolver saw my sudden movement, for as I swung the mental instrument upward he turned on me and fired for the second time.

I could feel the sting of the powder smoke on my up-thrust wrist. I knew then that it was useless to try to reach him. I simply brought my arm forward and let the metal pot fly from my hand I let it fly forward, targeting on his white and distorted face.

Where or how it struck I could not tell. All I knew was that he went down under a scattering geyser of black coffee. He did not fire again. He did not even move. But as he fell the woman in the cap and apron dropped on her knees beside him. She knelt there with an inarticulate cry like that of an animal over its fallen mate, a ludicrous, mouse-like sound that was almost a squeak. Then she suddenly edged about and reached out for the fallen revolver.

I saw her, through the smoke, but she had the gun in her hand before I could stop her. She fought over it like a wild-cat. The peril of that combat

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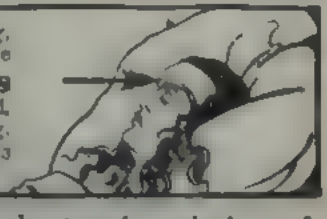

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made me desperate. Her arm was quite thin, and not overly strong. I first twisted it so the gun-barrel pointed outward. The pain, as I continued to twist, must have been intense. But I knew it was no time for half-measures. Just how intense that pain was came home to me a moment later, when the woman fell forward on her face in a dead faint.

The other woman had calmly thrown open the windows. She watched me, almost apathetically, as I got to my feet and stooped in alarm over the unconscious man in his ridiculous welter of black coffee. Then she stepped closer to me.

'Have you killed him?" she asked, with more a touch of child-like wonder than any actual fear

"No; he's only stunned."

"But how?"

"It caught him here on the forehead. He'll be around in a minute or two."

"Put him here on my bed," she called from an open door. And as I carried him in and dropped him in a sodden heap on the white coverlet, I saw the woman unsheathe her writhing body of its rose-colored wrapping. From that flurry of warmth her twisting body emerged almost sepulchrally white. Then she came to a pause, bare-shouldered and thoughtful before me

"Wait!" she said as she crossed the room. "I must telephone McCausland."

"Who's McCausland?" I asked as she stepped out into the dining-room.

"He's a man I know at Headquarters," was her impersonal-noted reply

For the second time, as she stepped hurriedly back into the room with me, I was conscious of the satin-like smoothness of her skin, the baby-like whiteness of her rounded bare arms. Then, unabashed by my presence, she flung open a closet door and tossed a cascade of perfumed apparel out beside the bed where I stood.

"What are you going to do?" I demanded, as I saw her white-clad figure writhe itself into a street dress. There was something primordial and adamitic in the very calmness with which she swept through the flimsy reservations of sex. She was as unconscious of my predicament as a cave woman might have been. And the next moment she was crushing lingerie and narrow-toed shoes and toilet articles and undecipherable garments of folded silk into an English club-bag. Then she turned to glance at her watch on the dresser

"I'm going!" she said at last, as she caught up a second handbag of alligator skin, and crammed into it jewel boxes of dark plush and cases of different col

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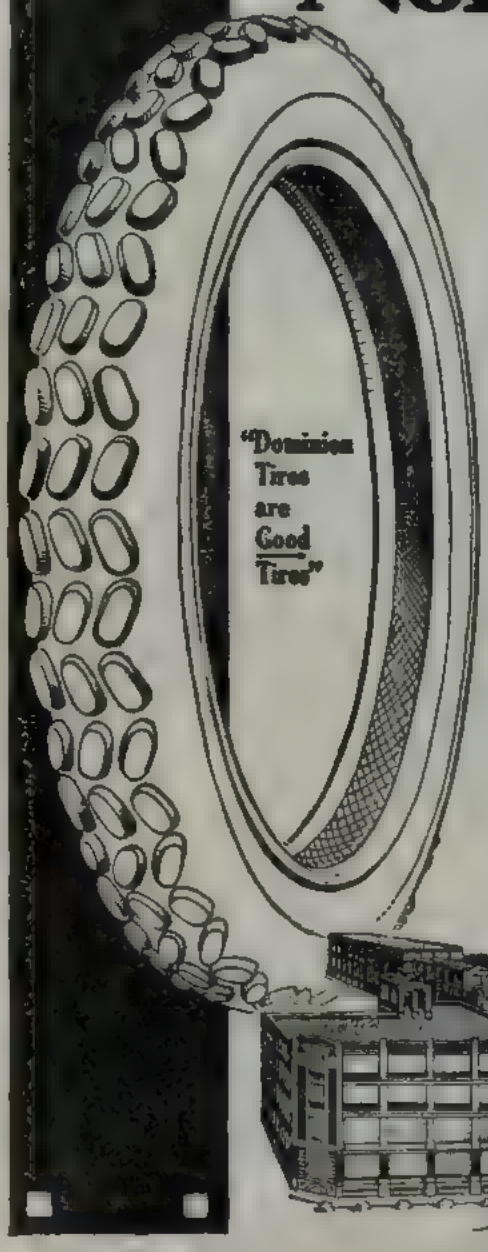

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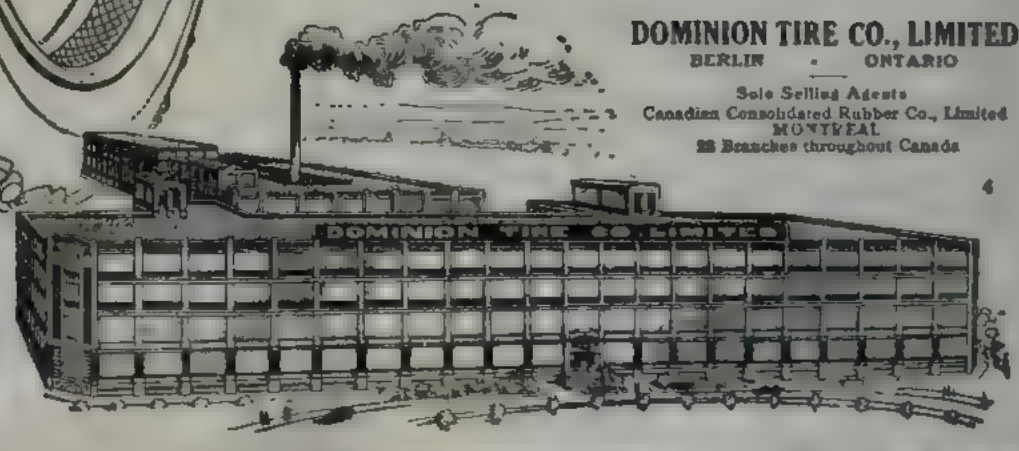

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ored kid, and still more clothing and lingerie. "I'm going to catch the *Kaiser Wilhelm*."

"For where ?"

"For Europe !"

Her quick and dextrous hands had pinned on a hat and veil as I stood in wonder watching her.

"Call a taxi, please," she said, as she struggled into her coat. "And a boy for my bags."

I was still at the receiver when she came into the room, and looked down for a moment at the woman moaning and whimpering on the coffee-stained floor. Then she began resolutely and calmly drawing on her gloves.

"Couldn't we do something for them ?" I said as I stepped back into the bedroom for her handbag.

"What ?" she demanded, as she leaned over the bed, where Morgan's reviving body twitched and moved.

"There must be something."

"There's nothing. Oh, believe me, you can't help him. I can't help him. He's got his own way to go. And it's a terribly short way !"

She flung open a drawer and crammed a further article or two down in her still open bag.

Then she opened the outer door for the boy who had come for the bags. Then she looked at her watch again.

"You must not come back," she said to me. "They may be here any time "

"Who may ?" I asked.

"The police," she answered as she closed the door. She did not speak again until we were at the side of the taxicab.

"To the Hamburg-American wharf, she said.

Nor did she speak all the while we purred and hummed and dodged our way across the city. She did not move until we jolted aboard the ferry-boat, and the clanging of the landing-float's pawl-and-ratchet told us we were no longer on that shrill and narrow island where the fever of life burns to the edge of its three laving rivers. It was then and only then that I noticed the convulsive shaking of her shoulders.

"What is it ?" I asked, helplessly, oppressed by the worlds that seemed to stand between us.

"It's nothing," she said, with her teeth against her lip. But the next minute she was crying as forlornly and openly as a child.

"What is it ?" I repeated, as inadequately as before, knowing the uselessness of any debilitating touch of sympathy.

"It's so hard," she said, struggling to control her voice. "It's so hard to begin over."

"But they say you're the cleverest woman in the world !" was the only consolation I could offer her.

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What and Why Is the Internal Bath?

By C. Gilbert Percival, M.D.

Though many articles have been written and much has been said recently about the Internal Bath, the fact remains that a great amount of ignorance and misunderstanding of this new system of Physical Hygiene still exists.

And, inasmuch as it seems that Internal Bathing is even more essential to perfect health than External Bathing, I believe that everyone should know its origin, its purpose and its action beyond the possibliity of a misunderstanding.

Its great popularity started at about the same time as did what are probably the most encouraging signs of recent times—I refer to the appeal for Optimism, Cheerfulness, Efficiency and those attributes which go with them, and which, if steadily practised, will make our race not only the despair of nations competitive to us in business, but establish us as a shining example to the rest of the world in our mode of living.

These new daily "Gospels," as it were, had as their inspiration the ever-present, unconquerable Canadian Ambition, for it has been proven to the satisfaction of all real students of business that the most successful man is he who is sure of himself, who is optimistic, cheerful and impresses the world with the fact that he is supremely confident always—for the world of business has every confidence in the man who has confidence in himself.

If our outlook is optimistic, and our confidence strong, it naturally follows that we inject enthusiasm, "ginger," and clear judgment into our work, and have a tremendous advantage over those who are at times more or less depressed, blue and nervously fearful that their judgment may be wrong—who lack the confidence that comes with the right condition of mind, and which counts so much for success.

Now the practice of Optimism and Confidence has made great strides in improving and advancing the general efficiency of the Canadian, and if the mental attitude necessary to its accomplishment were easy to secure, complete success would be ours.

Unfortunately, however, our physical bodies have an influence on our mental attitude, and in this particular instance, because of a physical condition which is universal, these much-to-be-desired aids to success are impossible to consistently enjoy.

In other words, our trouble, to a great degree, is physical first and mental afterwards—this physical trouble is simple and very easily corrected. Yet it seriously affects our strength and energy, and if it is allowed to exist too long becomes chronic and then dangerous.

Nature is constantly demanding one thing of us, which, under our present mode of living and eating, it is impossible for us to give—that is, a constant care of our diet, and enough consistent physical work or exercise to eliminate all waste from the system.

If our work is confining, as it is in almost every instance, our systems cannot throw off the waste except according to our activity, and a clogging process immediately sets in.

This waste accumulates in the colon (lower intestine), and is more serious in its effect than you would think, because it is intensely poisonous, and the blood circulating through the colon absorbs these poisons, circulating them through the system and lowering our vitality generally.

That's the reason that biliousness and its kindred complaints make us ill "all over." It is also the reason that this waste, if permitted to remain a little too long, gives the destructive germs, which are always present in the blood, a chance to gain the upper hand, and we are not alone inefficient, but really ill—seriously, sometimes, if there is a local weakness.

This accumulated waste has long been recognized as a menace, and Physicians, Physiculturists, Dietitians, Osteopaths and others have been constantly laboring to perfect a method of removing it, and with partial and temporary success.

It remained, however, for a new, rational and perfectly natural process to finally and satisfactorily solve the problem of how to thoroughly eliminate this waste from the colon without strain or unnatural forcing—to keep it sweet and clean and healthy and keep us correspondingly bright and strong—clearing the blood of the poisons which made it and us sluggish and dull spirited, and making our entire organism work and act as Nature intended it should.

That process is Internal Bathing with warm water—and it now, by the way, has the endorsement of the most enlightened Physicians, Physical Culturists, Osteopaths, and others, who have tried it and seen its results.

Heretofore it has been our habit, when we have found by disagreeable, and sometimes alarming symptoms, that this waste was getting much the better of us, to repair to the drug shop and obtain relief through drugging.

This is partly effectual, but there are several vital reasons why it should not be our practice as compared with Internal Bathing.

Drugs force Nature instead of assisting her—Internal Bathing assists Nature and is just as simple and natural as washing one's hands.

Drugs, being taken through the stomach, sap the vitality of other functions before they reach the colon, which is not called for—Internal Bathing washes out the colon and reaches nothing else.

To keep the colon constantly clean drugs must be persisted in, and to be effective, the doses must be increased. Internal Bathing is a consistent treatment, and need never be altered in any way to be continuously effective.

No less an authority than Professor [illegible]k M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

It is rather remarkable to find, at what would seem so comparatively late a day, so great an improvement on the old methods of Internal Bathing as this new process, for in a crude way it has, of course, been practiced for years.

It is probably no more surprising however, than the tendency on the part of the Medical Profession to depart further and further from the custom of using drugs, and accomplish the same and better results by more natural means, causing less strain on the system and leaving no evil after-effects.

Doubtless you, as well as other Canadian men and women, are interested in knowing all that may be learned about keeping up to "concert pitch," and always feeling bright and confident.

This improved system of Internal Bathing is naturally a rather difficult subject to cover in detail in the public press, but there is a Physician who has made this his life study and work, who has written an interesting book on the subject called "Why Man of To-day Is Only 50% Efficient." This he will send on request to anyone addressing Charles A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 319, 280 College Street, Toronto, and mentioning that they have read this in the Canada Monthly.

It is surprising how little is known by the average person on this subject, which has so great an influence on the general health and spirits.

My personal experience and my observations make me very enthusiastic on Internal Bathing, for I have seen its results in sickness as in health and I firmly believe that everybody owes it to himself, if only for the information available, to read this little book by an authority on the subject.

Herding Ships by Wireless

Continued from page 235.

places where I have gripped hands with operators who smiled upon "some person to talk with" as they would to a ministering angel.

Of course, the post of wireless service, that, from a distance stirs the imaginative fibre of youth is Sable Island, a lonesome, unaccounted-for chunk of matted sand far out in the Atlantic, nearly three hundred miles southeast of Nova Scotia. The records at Lloyds account for no less than two hundred wrecks due to Sable Island during the past seventy-five years. In the best of weather the curious color of the sand banks renders them almost indistinguishable from water, an accident of nature that has lured the wisest mariners to destruction. Moreover the sweep of the currents, smoothing out old sand bars and erecting fresh ones where deep water existed, practically defies any accurate charting. It was by the installation of wireless in 1904, and, previous to that, the lighthouse and life-saving corps dating as far back as 1873, that the awful toll of life and property has been stayed. Well may the superstitious sailor attribute a personal devil to the island, for in taking the lives of others it is taking its own. Under the lash of Atlantic waves and winds, twenty of its forty miles have gone into the sea since 1863. Three times the Government engineers have removed the lighthouse to a safe position and now they are planting thousands of trees and shrubs to stop the dangerous erosion of the soil; if that is unsuccessful there likely will be no Sable Island in 1960, but a mammoth light-ship swinging at anchor over its ruins. Recently a report was made to the Federal Government that the width of the Island had dropped in fifty years from two and a half to less than one mile and the height from 200 feet to below eighty feet. The population is only forty-six, made up of those com - lled to dwell there by the duties of .ife-saving and wireless communication.

When the notorious Dr. Crippen, who murdered and buried his actress-wife in London, escaped from a cordon of detectives with his stenographer, Ethel Le Neve, every outgoing ship, particularly from Antwerp, was carefully watched. Suspicion finally centred upon two disguised passengers on the C. P. R. liner, "Montrose" bound for Montreal. The present writer had the job of covering the story for the London Times and a Canadian paper and installed himself with a regiment of other newspaper men from all quarters of the globe at a pilots' boarding-house at Father Point. A dreary wait of three days, and there broke upon the world the first great criminal story in which wireless played the roles of detective, betrayer and policeman. It was wireless all through. The captain of the Montrose, suspecting whom he had for passengers, flashed a message to Scotland Yard when half a day out from his European p-rt The detective bureau despatched Inspector Drew on the Laurentian, a faster ship than the Montrose, bidding him identify and arrest Crippen and Le Neve. The Laurentian spoke the Montrose in mid-ocean, Drew and the captain exchanging messages. At Father Point, the inspector came ashore—as he thought "incognito", but he might as well have carried a banner From the wireless masts of the St. Lawrence port, conversation flashed daily between Drew and the Montrose as to the details of Crippen and Le Neve and the necessity of holding them ignorant of impending capture. Indeed the murderer and his foolish

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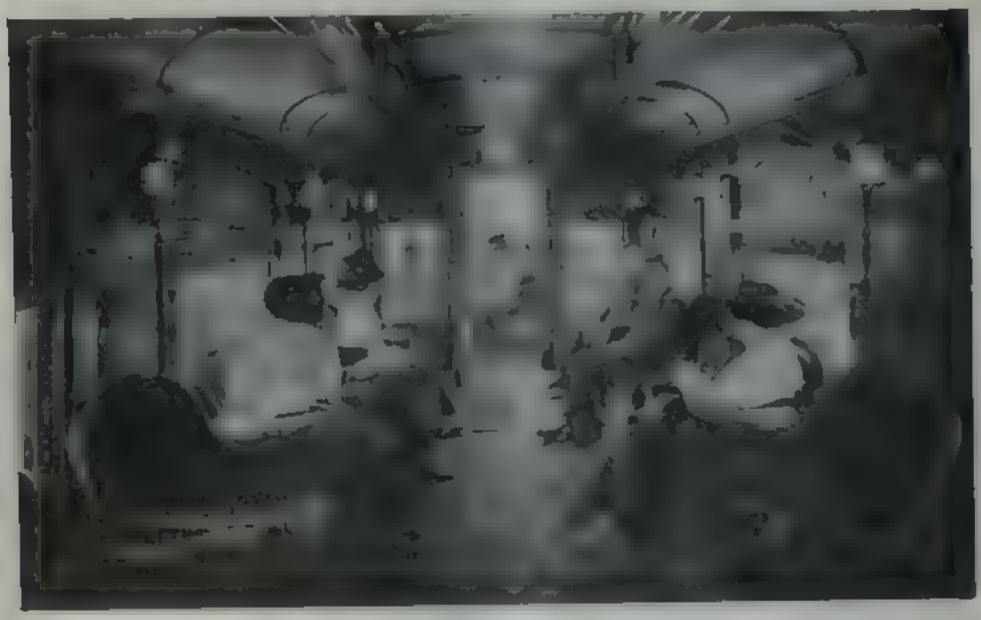

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young paramour never knew one iota of what was for days common talk throughout the world, until Inspector Drew stepped from a pilot boat to the deck, threw back his disguise and said quietly: "Dr. Crippen, you are under arrest."

Of course, a tug-load of reporters followed the Inspector aboard, shinning up the sides, their teeth firmly imbedded in camera straps, while the wide-mouthed tars grinned at the manifest absence of sea-legs. The tender sheered off. The Montrose resumed her course, and fifty newspaper men found themselves penned up aboard a moving liner with a magnificent story for which a thousand newspapers were beating their breasts in helpless anxiety. They gathered about the smoking room, the representatives of all the chief newspapers in the English-speaking world, and agreed that whereas one Marconi operator aboard had but one pair of hands and one instrument, no reporter should place on the wire for his papers more than one hundred words until all reporters had been similarly served. And while a steamship manoeuvred through the inky blackness of a Saturday night with the lights of Quebec slowly dissolving from a blur to horizontal lines and segments, the invisible pen of wireless dashed off the melodrama of Crippen's capture. It was a true flesh-and-blood thriller, one of the best of its kind that ever happened.

Of all the inventions of the twentieth century, wireless has perhaps excited most wonder, a wonder that seems to sustain itself even as we become accustomed to its commercialization and read daily of the rescues at sea. The telephone, a scientific finding quite as remarkable, has staled by long use; so has that curious companion, the incandescent light. Yet, as some one has remarked, "there is nothing more mysterious in wireless telegraphy than the response of the eye to sunlight. The sun sets up waves in the ether, millions of miles away from the eye which is sensitive to light vibrations. A wireless transmitter sets up waves of a similar sort in the ether and these waves are recorded by an instrument designed to be sensitive to them." It was for that reason that Lord Kelvin described a wireless telegraphic receiver as "an electric eye."

Nearly all "sudden discoveries" in science, projecting the name and glory of an individual, are the composite feats of several predecessors, whose labors stop-fell short of the pedestal. So with wireless telegraphy. In 1864, Clark Maxwell worked out a theory on paper that an electric spark or "disruptive discharge" would set up oscillations in the ether. Twenty-three years later, Prof. Hertz put the Maxwell theories to the test and demonstrated their correctness. By an electric spark he managed to radiate etheric waves which he succeeded in reflecting, refracting and polarizing like those of light. The discovery of Hertz was the foundation pier of wireless telegraphy. Eight years after Prof. Hertz' announcement, Guglielmo Marconi, then twenty-one years of age, began to experiment in his father's home in Pontecchio, Italy, sending these etheric waves from room to room. Then he tried longer distances in the garden. His instruments "kicked" again and again at his absurd confidence. Modifications and some radically new devices had to be worked out before that garden-length was overcome. It was twelve years from that time that Marconi was able to flash his first trans-oceanic message from Glace Bay three thousand miles to Ireland, and every year of it witnessed tireless experimenting, invention, disappointment, and a remarkably generous portion of snobbery

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from scientific journals. But the garden tests at Pontecchio remain as the first actual demonstration of a practical wireless machine.

In 1896 Signor Marconi came to England, took out a patent and brought his apparatus to the notice of Sir William Preece, then engineer to the General Post Office. Sir William, after witnessing many demonstrations and having himself failed in wireless attempts, brought the Italian engineer to the attention of the Government and the public. The following year the first marine message was delivered across the Bristol Channel, a distance of nearly nine miles. From that day to the present it remained a matter of time and money, marvellous patience and ingenuity, and Signor Marconi's good health, to refine the receiving mechanisms, increase the power, and eliminate uncertainties so that wireless can be worked as well by night as day, in fogs, storms, and clear weather, nor are mountains or other lofty obstructions a barrier insurmountable. It does seem a providential stroke that wireless should have proved its greatest efficacy over stretches of sea, the very sphere in which ordinary wire telegraphy was helplessly handicapped. In this way, wireless has become chiefly a mode of communication by water leaving the wooden pole and copper line to their old-time sovereignty across the land

One Face

Continued from page 238

Within the house on the hill was quietness; about the yard the cleared and clean aspect of work done for the day.

By a western window, one face looked out and away, in dim waiting. In the paling light, the hair showed silvery; and over the temples, a few fine wrinkles traced their way. A pair of spectacles, folded, lay on the sill of the window.

The face was patient, smooth, serene, softly-colored. Not old with the yellow aging of cities, but ripened,—ripened in soft airs, on cool hills, amid breezy foliage: mellowed and matured with the breath of the harvest and of the spring.

Gentleness and maternity—the mothers of the world are made before their nativity—were imprinted upon the quiet face and in the wifely fold of the hands upon the apron.

The children were at play beyond the thicket; the nephew and his wife had gone down to the village. Peace reigned in the house, and all the doors were wide, letting in the breathings and the little whisperings of evening.

There came a step at the outer door,

a pause, an entry, the sound of a branch drawn along the wall. Three steps—she knew them, and flushed like a girl, and leaned and looked. John Oake came into the doorway.

Green twig in his hand, grass-stem in the corner of his mouth –he had always needed these aids to composure —this schoolboy of hers, who was all the same but the gray hair and white "choker," stood in the square of the door, and looked at her,—looked at her hungrily, and trembled in all his limbs

She dropped her eyes, turning her hands in her lap. John Oake took off his hat, fumbled it, came across to her chair, and dropped upon one knee.

"Gracie-girl," he said, extending his hand shakily, and with an awkward motion covering hers, "thank God,—oh, thank God !"

Friends of Insane

Continued from page 241

Nothing of this sort is possible at the British Columbia hospital. The open and unrestricted method of caring for the patients makes it out of the question to abuse any patient without detection; and the contentment that shows on the faces of the insane is earnest of the kind treatment they receive. The attendants are not knownas "guards," and the atmosphere of brute "authority" is singularly lacking. Rather than that of guard and prisoner, the relation between the attendant and patient is that of elder [illegible] or guardian and ward. The patients are appreciative of their freedom. For instance, not a cloth on any of the billiard-tables has been cut.

The main building of the hospital overlooks the wellkept fields and the buildings of Colony Farm, which is the real show place of the institution. We cannot do better than to quote from Dr Doherty's reports concerning it. In 1910, he says:

"At Colony Farm great energy was displayed in the work of clearing and underdraining. Connected with the Coquitlam institution are [illegible] agement and laying out of this great area we have in mind, both for the present and the future, the accomplishment of three great results:

1. The pleasure and health of the insane population of British Columbia

2. The providing of employment to a large class of patients who will be benefited by regular work in the open air.

3 The great economy to be effected in utilizing the help provided in producing the requirements of the institution in fruit, flowers, vegetables, farm and dairy products.

Already the lowland of the farm has been completely cleared and underdrained, while with the exception of some fifteen acres it has already received its first ploughing or breaking, and there can be no doubt that within two years this will be one of the very best farms in the province. The new dairy and

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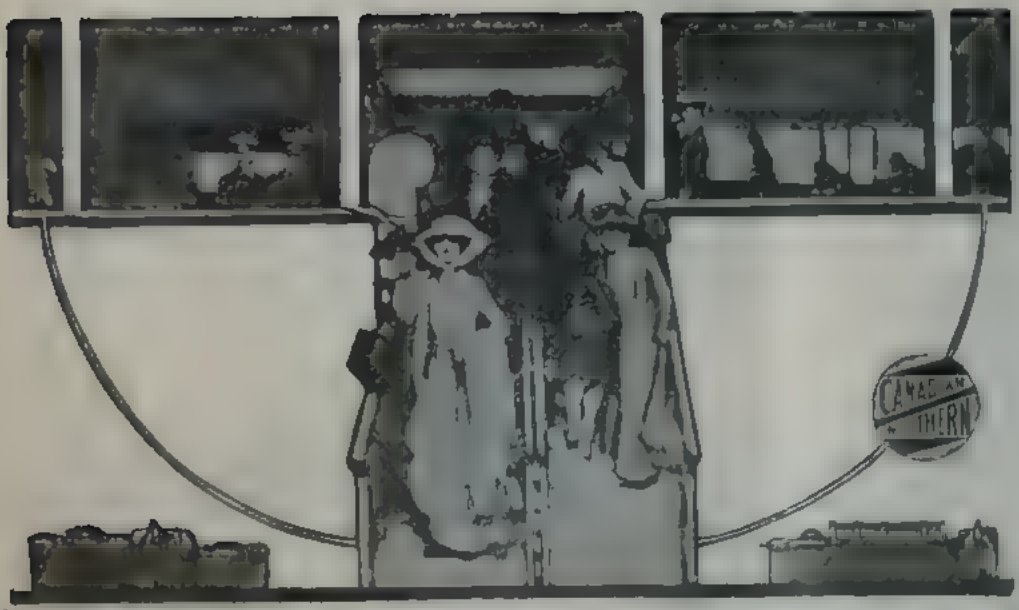

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hay barns have been completed and will be occupied very shortly after the new year."

This shows the beginning of the doctor's great idea. Out-of-doors work for insane patients was still experimental. In the Argentine, a city of insane was under way, sixty miles from a railroad, constructing itself in an arable country, growing its own crops, feeding itself, caring for itself, with a minimum of sane attendants. Other experiments were being tried in Belgium and the United States. The following year, Dr. Doherty reported progress as follows:

"The results obtained at Colony Farm during the last year have been most encouraging, the crops raised exceeding even our most sanguine expectations. Some 230 tons of hay, 130 tons of potatoes, 125 tons of oats, and over 100 tons of mixed roots comprised our crop, to say nothing of green feed obtained for dairy cattle and young horses. The farm buildings have been completed, and the group, as now composed, is conceded to be the best in Western Canada. With the permission of the department, in order to obtain an unq[illegible] able opinion as to the exact quality and standing of our stock, some fifteen head of stallions and brood mares and some twenty head of dairy cattle were shown in competition at the Dominion fair held at Regina early in July. For results, I refer you to the different [illegible] adian and American stock and farm journals, all of which agree that British Columbia, represented by Colony Farm, furnished the surprise of the year, winning over twenty prizes, including five championships and three grand championships."

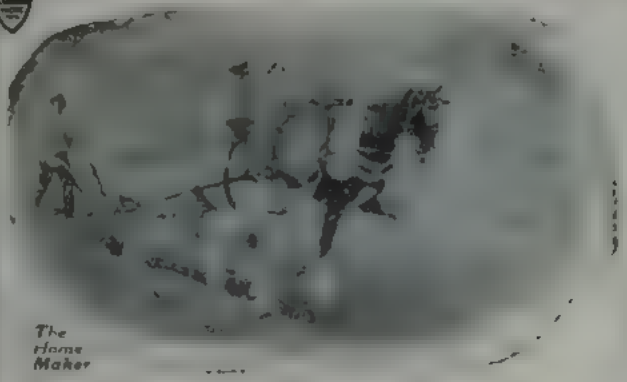
The work continued, and in 1912 he reported again as follows:

"Work at Colony Farm has gone ahead well during the year. In all, we have in temporary quarters at the farm 193 patients. The crops raised during the season again exceeded our most sanguine expectations. The dairy herd, [illegible] kept the institution well supplied with milk, as well as partially supplying us with butter. The first annual dispersion sale of young stock was held on November twelfth, and was in every way a complete success, the young animals sold bringing prices which demonstrated beyond all doubt that the British Columbia farmers appreciate good animals when they see them and are prepared to pay good prices, especially for superior male animals.

"During the year, our farm has been visited by representatives from many Dominion, provincial and state institutions, as well as by experts from the leading agricultural journals. These have, without exception, expressed surprise and admiration for the system in vogue, and in this regard I would quote verbatim an opinion expressed by the 'Farmer's Advocate,' in their issue of December, 1912.

"'*In recent years, Canadian governments have learned to do so much for agriculture that some departments of agriculture scarcely know what to do first and yet stand within reasonable amounts in the matter of expenditure. For demonstration in thorough farming methods of approved up-to-dateness, as well as the encouragement of rearing high-class stock, few institutions can equal the British Columbia government farm at Coquitlam, under the supervision of Dr. C. E. Doherty, superintendent of the provincial asylum. The particulars given by Dr. Doherty and the heads of departments have a ring of a brand-new fairy tale. But the listener needs only to use his eyes and get proof that all that is told is true.*

"'*It is impossible to use words or pictures that will do justice to the buildings erected on*



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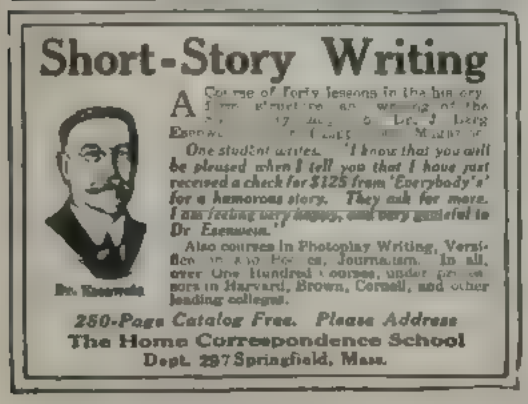
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Dr. Doherty states that during the summer of 1912 animals from Colony Farm were shown at the leading exhibitions in the east, and at the Dominion fair at Ottawa the stock won thirteen championships out of a possible fourteen, while at Toronto the farm captured the much coveted gold medal for male animals.

"In connection with Colony Farm," adds Dr. Doherty, "I particularly wish to call your attention to the matter of revenue for the year just closed (1912). In all, you will notice that the past season has netted us over forty thousand dollars, a splendid interest on money invested, but a rate which will gradually increase as the land, which was brought under cultivation only two years ago, becomes older and more capable

The sections from Dr. Doherty's report which we have taken occasion to quote are sections dealing with the enterprise from the standpoint of a business farmer, rather than from that of a physician. However, in a project like this, the material success of the balance sheet and the trophy room is sign of its scientific success as well. The percentage of cures is high, although the institution has been in existence only a very short time; and the very fact that insane patients can be taught to work in the fields and to raise such animals as their prize-winning stock, is in itself remarkable in the history of insanity. Patients who have been unmanageable, melancholic, and inert are brought out into the fields where less afflicted inmates are at work. Sometimes they will stand at the field's edge for half an hour, apparently unconscious of their surroundings. After a time they begin to take a little interest, to look about them. Everyone else is busy, and they get the infection of work. The fresh air and sunshine brighten them up. After awhile they will take up a hoe or spade, and join the workers. From that time on, they begin to improve. Work with the animals is also beneficial. They get an interest in life again, and something of a grip. They take a pride in their work, and become capable of carrying responsibility. It is tremendously interesting to watch the timourous recovery of a soul.

Dr. Doherty had the advantage of being given a new broom to work with, instead of an old one to use as best he could. Upon virgin land he made his brand-new institution, as he would.

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Insanity has no history in British Columbia. As far as the records show, insanity has existed in the province only since 1850. He was at liberty to carry out his own ideas as he saw fit, and that under a generous government which did not hamper him with restrictions and red tape or beset him with politicians itching for a rakeoff on furnishing food, coal, clothing, and the various items necessarily purchased for the hospital. A paper read by him at the sixty-eighth annual meeting of the American Medico-

Psychological Association at Atlantic City describes his ideas on the treatment of the insane, and we quote as follows:

"The earliest record of an insane person in British Columbia dates back to 1850. During the rush to the Cariboo goldfields in the years 1858-9, many newcomers broke down under the strain of the hardships endured, and had to be cared for by the authorities. The nearest asylum at this time was in the state of California, and consequently all the cases which were at all violent or turbulent and unable to make this long journey, were sent to the 'lock-up' at Victoria for safe keeping.

"When female patients began to appear, however, it was evident that the gaol, which was not large, could not accommodate all. In 1872 the old Royal Hospital at Victoria was remodelled and converted into an asylum under the management of the provincial secretary's department, as it still remains to-day. At the end of the year 1876, the building was full to overflowing, and as it was deemed advisable not to extend the institution on that site, the then existing government decided to remove to New Westminster and locate upon a government reserve. The institution, at first accommodated only thirty-eight patients, has grown rapidly until 1908 when we were treating 509 patients of both sexes. (This number has nearly doubled since then.)

"In connection with our new hospital, which, when completed, will cost from $1,600,000 to $2,000,000, there were three points which I insisted upon securing. These were provisions in construction.

"1. For the isolation and fresh air treatment of all cases of acute insanity or acute mania.

"2. Provision for the handling of at least ninety per cent. of our chronic insane in congregate dormitories.

"3. Provision of proper buildings for manual arts and crafts training as well as for amusements.

"We all know that acute insanity, aside probably from that which accompanies general paralysis, tends strongly toward recovery, and the indications for treatment are therefore to assist instead of retarding nature in her efforts at restoration. The buildings where acute cases are treated are equipped in such a way that each acute case of the active variety can be treated as individually as if he were the only patient in the hospital. At the same time, every provision is made for an abundant supply of fresh air and the maximum of sunlight. I cannot but believe that fresh-air treatment of acute insanity is a cardinal point to be observed. While most of these cases are so noisy and so unmanageable that it is impracticable to keep them out of doors, the artificial ventilation, if properly carried out, I believe to be an excellent substitute, if not equally efficacious."

A generation ago, consumption was regarded as a visitation of God. Young ladies of the Victorian age went genteelly "into a decline" when they loved and were not loved again, and a hectic flush on the cheeks, a cough, and a wasted frame were regarded as being entirely proper under the circumstances.

To-day, no such nonsense exists about tuberculosis. We know that it results from foul air, lack of exercise and an infection that the system is not in condition to resist. No longer does it run through a family to the third and fourth generation. We know that, taken in its early stages, it is curable, and even sometimes in its advanced ones. Likewise, diphtheria and smallpox no longer are scourges of the race—science has laid their power for evil forever.

Insanity is now on the threshold of exactly such a change. The research work of Dr. Emil Abderhalden, of Halle, Germany, has produced striking results. A year ago his first book on the subject of insanity was issued; and in a scant twelve months his conclusions have been confirmed by twenty independent investigators. By the Abderhalden reaction, it is possible to diagnose clearly the three main groups of insane—first, the manic depressive group, which are most hopeful of recovery; second, the general paresis group, which are least recoverable; and third, the dementia precox group, which are practically hopeless. This last group furnish more than one-half the population of insane asylums, and under manual training and out-of-door exercise furnish the larger part of the working force in such a colony as the Coquitlam one.

It is on account of this present working of the field of insanity that the

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question of laboratory work in an asylum is so vitally important. Dr. Doherty realizes this to the full, and has prepared for it. This department does not merely diagnose the arriving cases, but carries on independent research. It is invaluable to a hospital, increasing the institution's efficiency a hundred per cent., giving the scientific spirit to its work, and creating a esprit de corps in the staff. With the development of research work in connection with asylums, there promises to be a development in the treatment of insanity equal to that which Koch caused in tuberculosis, or the Wassermann reaction produced in the study of syphilis

What this means in Canada, cannot yet be reckoned. But the Coquitlam hospital has made a bold beginning, and from it already a vast amount of good has come. Let it prophesy its own future

The Pedlar's Pack

Continued from page 272.

beauty is only skin-deep. But what would not you or ourself give for it, esteemed Madam? I never see a beautiful woman, or even a pretty woman, that I do not long to be like her. She who sways by beauty alone knows that her rule is brief as an April shower, but how delightful while it lasts! Beauty makes woman happier than brains if only because it makes man her slave. Beauty will always have more followers than brains. It wins man. Of brains in woman he has usually been afraid. It may be that the Woman's Movement will change all that, but, take it from a Pedlar who has traversed a world, who knows the weaknesses and follies, the wisdom and wickedness of human nature, as long as man inhabits the earth, he will worship beauty, and woman will seek it in many ways, if Nature has unkindly witheld a full measure of it.

Of course intellect is immortal, while beauty fades as the rose. But think of what a charming summer the rose has of it, and say if you can, that immortal intellect seated behind an ugly face, will ever enjoy one hour as delightful as the rose's summer? Venus or Minerva, which would you be? Loving Love, we will cast our vote for Venus. Perhaps some future reincarnation will see us again a woman but beautiful. Perhaps Nature, having in this incarnation wrought her joke upon us, will in penitence, give us both brains and beauty. Then indeed we will be formidable. Like royal red-headed Helen of Troy, or that great woman-politician, Cleopatra, we shall rule the destinies of many. Let us hope.

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During the Napoleonic era two women stood out from all the others, one—Madame Recamier, the most beautiful, the other Madame de Stael, the most brilliant French woman of the time. Once when Talleyrand, that amazingly clever knave—was seated between the two ladies at dinner, the conversation fell upon the theme of which a man would save if drowning—his wife or his mistress. Madame de Stael asked Talleyrand—"If Madame Recamier and myself were in this sad position, Monsieur, which of us would you succour?" That prince of diplomats replied calm-

ly: "Madame, you know how to swim." It may be that without mental ability mere physical loveliness will not carry a woman far, but without some measure of beauty, brains is liable to leave a woman at the starting post, and frankly, our choice would be for the life of the rose. For, who knows? Love might gather up her scattered petals and wear them near his heart—and there would always be memories of divine nights, of soft serenades, of whispered words, of long, deep, passionate kisses. The onion is a serviceable fruit of the earth. It seasons deliciously, and is necessary to the success of many epicurean dishes. Sage is a delightful savory—but we pray those gods who hold on their knees our future destinies to give us the life of the rose with all its beauty and perfume for be assured the nightingale will come to serenade her—Gal-lienne-wise

O Rose of the World a nightingale,
A soul of the World am I,
I have loved all the world and sung all the world
But I come to your side to die

A CLEVER CANADIAN BOOK

AMONG the very many successful novels which have appeared within the last decade by no means the least popular has been the novel dealing with some phase of history, English or foreign. Modern fiction caters liberally for every taste. It is, in fact, no easy matter to choose from our intellectual menu. We have analytic fiction, didactic fiction, immoral fiction, novels of theology and sociology, of manners and the rest of them, of cheap epigrams and tawdry vice and pot novels which need constant sticks under them to keep them boiling, but for a clean-cut interesting, vivid story it is hard to beat the novel of adventurous history, of deeds of derring do, and fast, and bravery.

Such a novel is C. J. C. Snider's "In the Wake of the Eighteen-Twelvers", a vivid story of the wars of 1812-13. In it we have a work which does more than merely tell a tale. In it the author leads us to contrast the present with the past, and draw our own inferences as to the main tide of the forces which produce civilization. It is in the incidental sketches that we find all the value and more than half the interest of the historical novel. Apart from the fact that such a work is profitable to us for instruction, we get the full worth of our money in the matter of story and incident. Every chapter of this book is a story in itself. We have the tale of the Burlington Races where Yeo fooled Chauncey by getting his little fleet of six British ships into harbour; the tale of the Niagara sweepstakes when nineteen ships played hide and seek upon an inland sea"; the escape of the "Slippery Six," a sequel to the Burlington Races. The "Slippery Six" having eluded Commodore Chauncey by hugging the Canada shore, came out when the foe left the field free, and made for Kingston to refit. The puzzle to Chauncey was How did they do it?" This way

[illegible]

in a landlocked harbour, but the water at the entrance had begun to ebb until it threatened to leave them imprisoned forever, like lily pads in a [illegible] for the love of the flag!"

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the pilot. "But you must wait till the moon is full."

"Do [illegible]," Sir James answered [illegible] pilot composedly, "that there ain't [illegible] immediate [illegible]

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BIG and little folks soothe the weariness from the work or play of the day, and invite healthful restful slumber, when the bedtime bath is with Fairy Soap
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is so clean sweet and pure – and cleansing withal – that when you once try it you never will be without it for toilet and bath for the whole family. The oval cake fits the hand and floats where you can reach it. It wears down to the thinnest wafer economical
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"There are tides on the lakes, Sir James, but they ebb and flow by years, not by the twelve hours. One year the water's three feet higher all over than another. Why, no one knows. But apart from that, an easterly [illegible] the water at this end of the lake, and [illegible] lowers it, and raises it at Kingston. The water at the entrance is on the ebb, now, because the lake's finding its level after the easterly that helped us in over the bar. The moon'll be full the night after next, and we'll get another shift of easterly wind. Then you can kedge out, sir, and sail away as soon as it canta around to the nor'west, as it's sure to do here in the fall of the year."

The pilot's advice was taken. The battered squadron hauled far within the wooded banks of the bay. Here shot-plugs were hastily driven into the scarred sides, and fresh spars cut for the shorn flag-ship. At the full of the moon the pilot's word was fulfilled. A light breeze blew foggy and dank. The water in the bay rose. The smaller vessels of the squadron were towed out over the bar. Next the kedges of the two large ships were planted in the deep water of the lake, and with hundreds of men to help to heave the capstans round, the great hulls ground their [illegible] the bar, furrowing the entrance [illegible]

Then came the welcome breath of the nor' wester, and with guns in place again, yards aloft and topsails sheeted home, the "Slippery Six," battered but not beaten, went boldly on the track of the Commodore who fled while he thought he pursued.

Mr. Snider is a journalist, being News Editor on the Toronto Telegram. This, his first book, is dedicated to his wife who is one of our noted newspaper women. The author comes of sound U. E. L. stock, and has written many sketches of life on the great lakes. The work is delightfully illustrated by Mr. Snider, who is artist, poet, and author, all in one. Of the book we may lawfully declare, quoting from Mr. Kipling's verses to the defunct three-decker—

"Ship" taking tired people to the
Islands of the Blest."

The Woman of It

Continued from page 251.

what I do. And to-night, which might have ended in disaster—" She broke off, and Monro looked at her curiously, but he did not misunderstand her. Nothing of any consequence had happened to Valerie, and so the ball was the chief affair in her mind.

"Well, it turned out a big success, Molly. I never saw one of your affairs go with a better swing. Come on, dear, it's time we old folk were getting our beauty sleep." He assisted her to rise, yawning and showing a row of pretty white teeth, and she leaned on him playfully.

"I am tired," she confessed. "It's dreadfully hard work amusing English people. Do you remember the dances we used to have in British Columbia?"

"I should say I did," he declared. "'Member the posters on the trees—'Dance to-night. Everybody white invited.' I can do a quadrille yet." And they danced a few steps along the polished floor before they settled down to a walk in the direction of the stairs.

"After all, Molly," he said, "Valerie will never be happy with this hedged and conventional life. Sometimes I think we would all be more contented if we went back to the Rockies."

"Oh, well," she said doubtfully, "perhaps we can go back next summer, after the season. But you know there's nobody out there for Valerie, and she must settle down some time. With

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her face and her money, she will make a brilliant match here; and she has the brains to be a real social leader. She'll see the necessity of it after awhile. Girls are always full of dreams and notions at her age. I was myself."

He smiled, remembering the girl he had loved years before in the broad spaces of Western Canada, and patted her arm as he bade her good-night. But he shook his head as he went to his room. After all, Valerie was Valerie, and her father's daughter.

. . . . . .

Valerie herself was lying awake in her dainty bed, watching the dawn grow faintly pink at the window. Her hands were clenched, and her pretty mouth straightened out to a line.

"You are a pretty fool," she told herself sternly. "You gave yourself dead away to-night, and he saw it. Just because he has a handsome face, and a voice that reaches your heart, and a high way of carrying his head, you're in love with him—in love with an actor about whom every schoolgirl in England will be raving in a few weeks. And he hardly knows you exist . . . No, that isn't true. He remembered you. Probably I looked adoring. Oh, Valerie, you're such a fool. Anybody would think you'd have learned a little something in a season. What am I going to do ?"

But day brought her no counsel. The birds began to twitter and chirp in the ivy about her window, and early milk-wagons to rattle abroad, but she was still wide-eyed and sleepless.

"I can't do anything," she said to herself. "I must leave things alone. I tried—I did try. I was rude to him, when I would have loved dancing with him—how beautifully he waltzes ! That it should have been *he* when that silly candle fell ! Yet I'd rather have had him do it than anybody else. I would !" she said defiantly to her wiser self. "I would, I would, I would !" And then slowly she drifted off into sleep.

But, as Monro had thought, she was her father's daughter, and the next afternoon found her ready, with impassive face, to meet the world serenely. There were the usual legion of callers, the accumulation of notes, invitations, and what-not. It was the height of the season, and London was very gay.

Mrs. Monro was busier than ever. She had made a tentative reference to the singer, but Valerie had been indifferent and so casual about him that Mrs. Monro's not very great fears were allayed. Martin, she decided, had added two and two to make six, and Valerie was too sensible a girl to waste time on a mere professional.

It was at luncheon some two weeks later, that she put aside her ice—she was carefully dieting to the fashionable outline—and inquired,

"You are coming with me this afternoon, dear ?"

"Certainly, if you want me," agreed Valerie. "What is it this afternoon ?"

"The concert at North House—you know—for the Watchmakers' Orphans —I'm sure you heard me speak about the Duchess of Northshire's musicale?"

"No," said Valerie, and then because she thought she would not let her mother mention Sinclair's name first, she added, "And have you secured Signor Sinclair, mother ?"

"Of course," said Mrs. Monro easily. "I secured him as soon as I found out that he was Denzil's friend. I must say he is very good about singing for charity—but then he must be coining money. His throat must be worth thousands a year to him. Really, you know, I find that he is very well acquainted among our set. The Duchess is quite delighted with him."

"Oh ?" said Valerie politely. "Do you know, I think I shall wear my taupe afternoon suit, and take a turn in the park afterward."

"Oh, my dear !" Mrs. Monro was horrified. "That would never do. You must wear a frock—why not that

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241M

J. A. Grant

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From Michigan

black and jade-green gown that came home this morning? It's very fashionable, and you ought to make a good impression. The Duchess is fearfully smart."

"Oh?" said Valerie again. "Well, then I won't wear the suit. But I don't think I'd better wear the black, either. I'm not quite sure about the way it fits under the arms. I may take it back. My grey and silver will do—I've worn it only twice."

She looked in the glass at herself as she was arranging her hair, and pulling out a fetching little curl just above her left ear. She frowned soberly, leaning on her rounded elbows to do it with proper effect.

"Don't you be a silly idiot, Valerie," she told the reflection in the glass. "You know perfectly well it won't get you anywhere."

The concert was like most concerts in a private house. The beautiful long music-room was crowded by a company who had come because it was "the thing," and not from any love for or knowledge of music. Sinclair was the latest lion, and with a famous prima donna and a wild-haired Russian pianist to back him, was expected to roar gloriously. It was undoubtedly a good concert—this due in great measure to that capable organizer, Mrs. Monro, who scarcely knew the "Unfinished Symphony" from "Hearts and Flowers," but had the gift of making people produce their best when she wanted it. The Duchess had left almost everything to her, feeling that the contribution of her own title and the prestige of North House was quite enough.

So Mrs. Monro went early, and rustled in with an air of elegant importance. She made sure that all items of the programme were ready, that everything was in proper form, and carefully saw to the lighting for the performers and the placing of the chairs. Valerie watched her with approval.

"She never forgets a detail," she reflected. "She engineers things perfectly. I wonder—if the chief thing she thinks she has to engineer went wrong, I suppose she never would get over it."

Denzil made his way to her, among the gathering groups. There was anxiety on his plain, winning little face.

"I was so afraid you wouldn't come," he said. "Are you quite better?"

Something in his manner made her realize again what he had suffered. She smiled at him affectionately.

"Why, I wasn't hurt at all," she soothed. "Just a little mark about as big as a bean—it was all healed up in a couple of days. You were hurt a great deal more than I."

He shuddered, and made an uneasy gesture. "It was horrible! I'll never

forget hearing your cry." Then he looked at her doubtfully. "It doesn't bore you that I was so perturbed, does it ?"

"Oh !" said Valerie. "Indeed not. It is sweet of you to care."

"Care ?" he repeated, and laughed a little.

"How is Mr. Sinclair ?" she asked, changing the subject. "It made her somehow uncomfortable when Denzil abased himself in this fashion. She was the sort that prefers a dog who growls under punishment to a dog who lies down and waves apologetic legs in the air.

"He is better," said Denzil, his face lighting up at mention of his friend. "His hands were a little troublesome at first, but he wore gloves over his bandages, and got through his performances. It is still a little painful for him to shake hands."

"He has been singing, then ?"

"Oh yes. And he has been to Lord's and Burlingame's with me. He enjoys all kinds of sport, you know. There is still a great deal of the boy about him."

"Indeed ? He seemed singularly self-possessed to me."

"Yes, he is that, too—it is really wonderful how many things he can be."

"You are very fond of him, aren't you ?"

"It's a bad habit of mine—I am fond of my friends."

"Well, talk to me about him—tell me something about the time when you were boys in Rome together."

"I shall bore you," he said," and besides there is nothing much to tell. Except that I found out from him why he disappeared so suddenly from my horizon. The last day he came to play with me, he and his mother left Rome because his father had ill-treated him. I remember that he walked lame that day, though I had forgotten it until he told me."

"Oh ! how cruel !" Valerie's brows contracted—it seemed horribly impossible that anyone should ill-treat a child.

"He was a cruel chap—I always detested him. And yet he was always awfully nice to me. But I felt that it was a superficial kindness—that it was merely because I was Lady Merton's son, and that if I were of no use to him he would kick me out of his way like a dog."

Merton paused for a moment, remembering the heavy, dissipated face and the loose figure in the steamer-chair.

"Well, that day his mother made up her mind she would have no more of it, and went with the boy. I don't know what became of the father."

"Poor little chap ! said Valerie. "What a dreadful childhood to remember."

"Bob is always tender with children—he is always picking up some ragged youngster and looking after him. Probably that is why he is singing here to-day—because it's for children."

"Oh ! That's how mother managed to secure him then—not because he was your friend."

"Perhaps a little of both. He will do anything for his friends—he is almost quixotic about it."

Their conversation was cut short by the appearance of a quartet—the three stars could not be expected to shine at the beginning of the concert—and in a subdued and murmurous silence they listened to an excellent rendition. Valerie looked at her programme. Sinclair was on three times—first by himself, then in duet with the prima donna, and again alone. Before him came the Russian pianist. She listened dutifully, and dutifully applauded, but really every fibre of her was waiting for Robert. The little story of his childhood somehow brought him very close to her.

To be continued.

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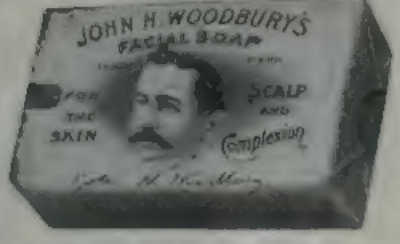

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